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McCALL'S MAGAZINE



SEPTEMBER

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"My Muvver told me CREAM OF WHEAT
would make me big and fat -
Now, how much will I have to eat
To grow as big as *that*?"

Painted by Leslie Wallace for Cream of Wheat Co.

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McCALL'S MAGAZINE

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

The McCall Company, Publishers, McCall Building, 236 to 246 West 37th St., New York City

ALLAN H. RICHARDSON, President and Treasurer

W. WALLACE NEWCOMB, Secretary

BRANCH OFFICES:

418-424 South Fifth Avenue, Chicago, Ill.
 140 Second Street, San Francisco, Cal.
 34 to 40 Chauncy Street, Boston, Mass.
 82 North Pryor Street, Atlanta, Ga.
 70 Bond Street, Toronto, Canada

50 Cents a Year
 75 CENTS A YEAR IN CANADA
 \$1.00 IN FOREIGN COUNTRIES

Entered as second-class matter at the New York, N. Y., Post-Office,
 August 5, 1897. Copyright, 1916, by The McCall Company
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To insure prompt attention, please
 address all orders and communica-
 tions to The McCall Company, McCall
 Building, 236 to 246 West Thirty-
 Seventh Street, New York City.

Vol. XLIV No. 1

New York, September, 1916

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ADVERTISEMENTS

We will not, knowingly or intentionally, insert advertisements from
 other than perfectly reliable firms or business men. If subscribers find
 any of them to be otherwise, we will esteem it a favor if they will so
 advise us, giving full particulars.

OUT OF THE MAIL-BAG

No Fault to Find

"DEAR EDITOR: I have always liked McCALL's best of all the home magazines and welcome each number, as we do a kind neighbor who comes into our kitchen for a chat on housekeeping and fashions. It has a charm all its own, being brightly interesting and 'within the limit of becoming mirth' and having fashions that sensible women can tolerate.

"In looking over a recent number, I find it as perfect as a magazine can be; and one has to strain a point to find any fault with it at all. I hesitate to make any suggestions, knowing that what I might think undesirable another would find helpful. But as you have invited us to tell you 'What to don't,' my suggestions are: don't get any larger; you are just the right size to hold comfortably. And don't give us fashions from Monte Carlo and Paris, but continue to be your own, sweet self and a help to the average woman."

—Mrs. C. H. R.

From One Who Knows

"DEAR EDITOR: I wish to express my appreciation of the stories of hospital life and nurses by Helen Topping Miller, which I have just read in McCALL's. We need more of the same. Having been a nurse for years before my marriage, I can understand the deep appeal her stories make. Yours are the kind of stories the public needs. In a way, I hesitated about writing, but I felt that I just wanted you to know.

"With best wishes and a hope for more of the same clean, uplifting stories, I remain your friend and well-wisher."

—S. B. S., Newton Falls, Ohio.

"DEAR EDITOR: Since a very young girl, I have read your magazine and it has always been a delight. When I buy it, I always settle myself for a pure hour or so of joy and read from cover to cover. You always have something for everybody, but what delights me most is that your stories are clean and good and I am never afraid to let either children or friends read McCALL's."

—E. H. C., Washington, D. C.

To Our Service Editors

"DEAR EDITOR: Please accept my heartfelt thanks for the suggestions for the luncheon party I gave some time ago. We tried the musical contest and it was greatly enjoyed by all."

—A. D. M., Chicago, Illinois.

"DEAR EDITOR: I have meant to write, from day to day, and express my appreciation of the help you were so kind as to give me on the home money-making question. Your advice was given a great deal of consideration, and I thank you very much for it. I want to try the candy-making later on, and I am sure I shall succeed, by using your receipts as a guide."

—A. S., New York, New York.

"MY DEAR MRS. TOBEY: I have meant to write, from day to day, and express my appreciation of the help you were so kind as to give me on the hat question. Had I known that there was to be a lesson on leghorns I could have waited for that and not bothered you, but I am very grateful for your assistance. I don't know how much you'd approve of my hat, as I'm sure it's not workmanlike, but I've had a great many compliments on it and my little daughter dearly loves it. You would have perished to see me making it. My technical skill is a minus quantity and I did this by 'main strength and awkwardness.'

"I do hope the good lessons are to continue forever."

—E. B. C., Agate, Nebraska.

"MY DEAR MRS. TOBEY: I learned to make all the flowers for which you gave directions in McCALL's, and took orders for fifty dollars' worth of roses and violets."

—E. M. D., Syracuse, New York.

The Cover Baby Makes a Friend

"I like the cover picture on McCALL's for May, 1916, so well that I wish an unmarked one for framing if you sell them.

"McCALL's MAGAZINE is very fine in all its departments, and I do not see how you can publish such a magazine for the small sum of five cents a copy. I buy the magazine every month and look forward with pleasure to the date it is due."

—Mae M. W., Patchogue, L. I.

Two Mothers Write

"DEAR MADAM: Just a few lines in appreciation for your monthly magazine.

"There are many things deserving of thanks, but one in particular made me desirous of sending you a word of appreciation, as it appealed to me. It was *What I would want for my children* in the May number. This was full of such good common sense and sincerity."

—E. R., San Francisco, California.

"The story *The Handsome Stranger* in your March issue is splendid and will do untold good. But why, in the name of rhyme and reason, did you print *The Writer-Man* and the *Picture Lady* in such close proximity when it is entirely antagonistic and will undo the good effects of the former? It will foster 'the spirit of romance and adventure in the innocent and ignorant girl' and make the chance acquaintance seem a thing to be desired."

—A. K., Corning, California.

Some Welcome Appreciation

"DEAR EDITOR: I wish to thank you for the privilege and pleasure of reading a poem called *June*. Not for many years have I read a poem that was such a little gem."

—M. E. W.

"We love the magazine and have loved it for years. It was the cause of my opening up a candy store which was successful, and making home-made candy. Best wishes and long live McCALL's."

—Mrs. E. W.

"I have taken McCALL's for twenty years or so, and mean to continue it as long as I live, for I like it very much. Wishing you the highest success."

—A. N., Minneapolis, Minnesota.

"DEAR EDITOR: I want to say a few words in favor of your magazine and premiums. Mother says she would lose all trace of her sewing were it not for her McCALL's, and as for myself, I have been satisfied with each and every premium received. I am now fourteen years old and have earned many nice presents in that time."

—B. P., Hendley, Nebraska.

"DEAR EDITOR: After devouring the last number of your valuable magazine, I wish to tell you what a joy it was to me. You certainly give more than some of the high-priced monthlies. One article, *Making a Writer of Myself*, has been of great value to me, I'm sure. You see, I've been quite successful in selling Household Hints, Helps to Mothers, etc. I am sure I will succeed, if I can be humble enough to stick to 'pots and pans' for a while."

—P. M., Ithaca, New York.

OUR FORECAST FOR OCTOBER

SHE went to Russia for pleasure, not for profit, nor yet for the reason of a hard necessity. To Ernestine Evans, the hazardous journey to Russia through a war-shaken Europe, and the bleak discomforts of a winter jaunt through regions where the thermometer might never rise to zero from her greeting to her farewell, held no discouragements, but only alluring possibilities of novelty, adventure, and fun. And after reading her account of her Russian travels, which will begin in the October McCall's and continue through November and December, the wise people who believe that we always find what we are really looking for will have just cause to utter a self-satisfied, "I told you so." For Miss Evans took with her on her travels a most valuable companion — a sense of humor. She also brought this companion home with her, and her story of her experiences is full of droll adventure and genuine fun.

Behind the Scenes

THOSE of us who go to theaters and cinemas and smile or weep from our own side of the footlights over the adventures of the characters in the dramas or moving - picture plays, seldom stop to think that these actors and actresses who are entertaining us frequently have real adventures in connection with the acting-out of the characters which they are impersonating. Sometimes their adventures are brought about by some unforeseen hitch in the machinery of the play, and sometimes by a personal accident or the introduction into the scene of some alien person or thing. Whatever the cause, the result of a sudden predicament to one of the actors in a play is usually tremendously amusing, either to the persons involved, to the audience, or to both. See *My Worst Predicament* in the October magazine.

The Old, Old Story

HERE is a strong story, *The Business of Youth*, by Mary Lerner, in which the writer turns the searchlight of a large understanding and sympathy upon the old, old romance of love and mating, and invites her readers to an analysis of an unhappy situation that greets us, far too often in our own life.

Choosing Your Grandchildren

By MARY L. READ

OCTOBER McCALL'S



Babies, every one of them, have the right to demand health and happiness of their parents and grandparents and great-grandparents. How are you answering your baby's demand? What sort of a chance are you giving it?

McCall's, in October, will start its Baby Welfare Department, where, from month to month, every phase of the baby's existence, both before and after birth, will be taken up. Mary L. Read, the head of the School of Mothercraft, will conduct the department, and, in addition, will write personal letters to any mother or prospective mother who needs special information.

Fire Prevention

WHO starts the fire with kerosene? Who leaves open the window, so that a slight wind can blow the light curtain against a lighted gas jet or lamp? Who allows the children to play with matches or build bonfires? Your neighbor or you? *Fire Prevention* is a practical article discussing causes of fires in homes and how they may be overcome. Read it, home-keepers, and don't live in dread of a fire; prevent it.

The prize solutions of the five problems in our contest published in June will be printed in October. It was a difficult task to pick out the keenest, the sanest, the most practicable, because all the solutions sent in were so good. As you no doubt have discovered for yourself, the more human the problem, the

more difficult it is to solve. But, after days of work, we have finally decided and you can read for yourself in October.

The Day of the Empire

BACK to the Empire waistline is the last and strongest note in fashions for the autumn. Dresses, long coats, and coat suits—all are here in a choice of designs, with the same short waistline that proved so becoming only a few seasons ago. Watch for the new October designs.



Suppers Out-of-Doors

Puffed Wheat or Rice in a bowl of milk or cream. What a dish for out-door suppers.

Great bubbles of grain—eight times normal size—toasted, thin, flaky and crisp. Whole grains, not mere flour foods. All the minerals, all the gluten in them. Every food cell steam-exploded. Every granule easily digests. Every atom feeds.

And each of the Puffed Grains—three in all—gives a different-tasting dish.

Also Odd-Hour Foods

You serve Puffed Grains for breakfast—with cream and sugar or mixed with fruit. And you call them breakfast dainties.

They are more than that. Puffing makes whole grains wholly digestible. Every food cell is exploded. Digestion is both easy and complete.

Nothing is so fitted for between-meal food. Let hungry children eat them dry, or douse with melted butter. With their nut-like taste and their fragile texture they are like confections.

They mean less candy, less pop corn, less cookies.

Puffed Wheat	Except in	12c
Puffed Rice	Far West	15c
Corn Puffs—Bubbles of Corn Hearts—15c		

Prof. A. P. Anderson, the food expert, invented this method for cooking grain. The process is long and difficult. The grains must be shot from guns. A hundred million steam explosions occur in every kernel.

This is not done to make the foods delightful, but to make them hygienic. It is done to break up all the food cells, while baking breaks less than half.

The results are most enticing. So there is every reason why these great grains should be often served in puffed form.

Keep them all on hand. Some like one best, some another. And all like to change about.



The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

(1264)

VEGETABLE SURPRISES

By JANE KELLER

HUNGARIAN CUCUMBERS.—Pare and slice small cucumbers (with small seeds). Sprinkle with salt and set away for two hours. Then rinse in ice water, and squeeze most of the water out again by pressing gently in a sieve. Make a dressing of weak vinegar, pepper and sweet cream—equal parts of cream and watered vinegar—and stand the cucumbers in this for two hours. Serve very cold.

SCALLOPED CELERY AND HARD-BOILED EGGS.—Stew two stalks of celery cut into half-inch pieces. Make a white sauce, using two tablespoonfuls each of butter and flour, and two cupfuls of milk. Save the celery-water for soup. Arrange alternating layers of celery and diced bread in a baking-dish, and pour the white sauce over all. When reheating, garnish with hard-boiled eggs.

STUFFED EGGPLANT.—The name may be misleading, as the mixture is cooked in a baking-dish. Cut the eggplants in halves, boil for twenty minutes, then scoop out and mix well with Spanish sauce given



YOU WILL LIKE SCALLOPED CELERY

below, to which one cupful of soft bread-crumbs has been added. Pack the whole in a baking-dish, sprinkle with crumbs, and set away till wanted; reheat in the oven for fifteen minutes.

SPANISH SAUCE.—Cook together until thickened, one pint of tomatoes, one clove of garlic chopped fine, a generous slice of onion, half a teaspoonful of salt, a small cupful of stock, a tablespoonful of butter rubbed smooth with dessert-spoonful of flour, a quarter teaspoonful of ground cloves, and a dozen chopped olives.

STUFFED CUCUMBERS.—Select large, firm cucumbers, and split lengthwise. Scrape the meat into a chopping bowl and put the empty shells to soak in cold water. To the meat add a cupful of shrimps, a hard-boiled egg, a sprig of parsley, and chop fine. Season with salt, pepper, a spoonful of melted butter, and a few drops of Worcestershire sauce. Place mixture in the cucumber shells, and bake in a moderate oven for half an hour. Serve with hot, boiled rice.



September **McCALL'S MAGAZINE** 1916

PUBLICITY as an organized science is the achievement of this generation; but it has its disadvantages. The people

or movements that it favors very often gain a prominence and appear to have a momentum out of all proportion to their real importance. Other forces, other people, may be building silently but far more strongly.

Under some such category can the feminists and the household experts be introduced to each other. The modern-day woman, in the minds of the world, is expressing her advancement in feministic terms, because it is the feminist, the woman who wants to vote, who wants the freedom of a man, who demands the single standard of morals, who insists on economic freedom, that is picturesque and novel and so gets the advertising. But back of her, nevertheless, inevitably, stands the household expert, and it is she who holds the keys of freedom for her sex. I am not undervaluing the feminist—she has a big and a worthy job ahead of her—but no group of people, any more than an individual, can advance to a bigger responsibility until the job that is already theirs has been conquered.

We women have not fully conquered our jobs. We have been good home makers—we have a genius for that—but, as housekeepers, we have not yet been able to put our jobs behind us. And it is just that we must do before we can reach out honestly for other opportunities.

THE work that the world has given men to do has vanished into thin air, item by item. System, organization, machinery, they have called to their aid in a marvelously short time, but woman would still be using in her domestic tasks the tools of the first century if men had not come to her aid. No one could accuse her of not being conscientious, but constructive she has not been. She has taken her job as it has come to her and in the end been proud in leaving it in as good shape as she received it.

But now come the women who are breaking through the jungle, who are teaching us the first

JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

By the EDITOR

grade of achievement. They are the domestic science experts, the workers who are constantly experimenting and seeking for easier ways, quicker ways of housecleaning, cooking, sewing, women who

are not so much interested in getting every inch of the house swept clean as in searching for a machine that will sweep it cleaner than the human hands could ever do it, and in one-tenth the time, in searching for a way of cooking America's three meals that will take just a fraction of the time they at present demand.

AT present, half the world keeps house, that is, busies itself in routine, unconstructive tasks, and whether the individual woman likes it or not, it is her one means of gaining a home. It is her work, anyway, work that she should not shirk if she is to grow to her full stature. Housekeeping must be done if the world is to have a home, and women cannot slide out from under and say: "I'm tired and bored of my job. You do it for a while." They need to be rid of their jobs so far as their heads and a part of their time is concerned, there is no doubt about that, but the release must come in a different way.

And once the house, by the aid of machinery, organization, system, new household inventions, brain power, has been relegated to a mere item in the home, then the woman will have her freedom honestly to present her share to the constructive labor of the world. And the world needs her feminine qualities, her feminine viewpoint. The solutions to all its problems are lop-sided at present. But it takes leisure to give one's qualities to the world, leisure that has been brought by one's own ingenuity. Before this, the sex, in various strata, has had leisure brought for it by men, but one must pay for favors one's self before any growing pains can be felt.

Leisure, constructive thought, feminism, domestic science, all are goals, but domestic science holds the key.

The next time you meet a woman who is working in domestic science, greet her with an added warmth. She is thinking about your freedom.

MISTLETOE

By HELEN TOPPING MILLER

Illustrated by RALPH P. COLEMAN

THE sun had sweated great drops of amber pitch from the plank rail of the bridge where Wainwright and Margaret sat. Wainwright thrust his knife into a yellow bead and stirred the resinous heart of it lazily.

Wainwright was very young. At college, he had kept a small pamphlet of Keats always inside his dog-eared volume on the science of electricity.

"Men take a place like this—" he waved an eloquent hand toward the purple hills where smoke wreaths slept and the river flashed a silver sword below, "and they make a hole out of it—like this!" This time, his scorning gesture included the mines, the ore-crusher playing an unending bass arpeggio upon the hill, and the spindling derricks set about the hillside like anemic insects.

The girl cast a speculative eye upward to the cumulus of zinc dust which abode perpetually above the ballast heap from whence it sifted down, fine as air, rasping between men's teeth. The girl's lips were red for smiles and soft for kisses. But, also, they had a shrewd, canny twist. Her father's mouth had been like that, and Wainwright remembered it. "There's money in it," she remarked.

Wainwright's eyes held a look of positive hurt. He frowned at the white rock rattling continually down the ballast heap.

"Money?" he repeated. "Oh, yes—of course—money!"

Margaret Andress laughed. Wainwright, absorbed in the gloomy joys of his own discontent, did not detect the little, bitter edge upon her laugh. The company paid Wainwright two hundred dollars a month for knowing more about electricity than anyone else on the place. He could afford to brood on finance in terms of poetry. But Margaret was sternly practical. She had known the aristocratic independence of plenty and the democratic inconvenience of poverty. And she knew that from the great, roaring plant on the hill came her own livelihood—the pitiful twenty-five dollars a month which was all that was left to her from her dead father's share.

Twenty-five dollars was not much. Six months before, she would have spent it blithely upon taxi fares and opera-tickets. But, now, she hoarded it frantically. It paid her board at Colby's. And the little that was left would clothe her, after a fashion, when the things she had wore out.

As for the future—some day she would think of that. The shock of her father's death and the terrible days that followed had not yet worn away. She was still numb and indifferent. But because she had known the momentary terror of want, the clamor of the zinc-crusher upon the hill was music to her ears. She looked up at the rows of windows, already beginning to link into glowing beads of light, and thought of her father.

HOW he had loved the thing—he who had planned it, who had seen it grow from a mere hole in the hill to the mighty thing it was! She could almost see him standing bareheaded upon the bridge, gazing at the white shower tinkling down the ballast heap.

She thought of Owen Ware, her father's friend. Owen had been like another father to her. He was the superintendent of the mines. His hands were never entirely clean and his eyebrows met in a black tangle above his nose, but whenever the long-armed crane dipped down neatly and swept a full car of ore into the maw beneath it, Owen's wide Scotch mouth would wrinkle into a smile that was all beauty—the beauty of achievement.



"IF ALL THIS IS TRUE—" SHE SAID AT LAST, "IF FATHER'S SHAFT IS WORTHLESS— THEN WHERE DOES MY MONEY COME FROM?"

Margaret ripped a splinter from the plank and stabbed at a drop of amber.

"I believe I like it," she said, tilting her head. "It sounds as if it were conquering something."

Wainwright held out his hands. A film of white lay in the crease of the palms, gritty and moist.

"Look," he said, "it comes down all the time. We breathe it. We eat it."

"Sometimes it's a blessing," objected the girl, "Catalina uses it to scour the pans. She says it's the best thing there is to make them shine."

Wainwright shoved his hat back with an air of injury. He was a handsome young fellow. Even in the old days—the days of taxis and opera-tickets—Margaret knew that she would have looked twice at him. In those days, the name of this little mining town had meant to her only a postmark on a letter containing a check. Now—she had been at Colby's only a month and, already, he had begun changing his collar every evening, had taken to combing his hair after the melancholy fashion of a lover who craves the pleasant torture of the woman's eyes upon him.

"A place like this is very well for a man," he philosophized. "A man has a certain steel in him. Heat and dust and rocks can batter his heart, but not break it. But a woman—a woman like you—"

"And have women no steel in them?" inquired Margaret in a cold tone.

"Not a steel that resists," he stated, "but a stony calm that merely endures." He turned upon her eyes that glowed. He was a good-looking boy. "I'd like to see you in a velvet gown!" he exclaimed, "black velvet—with lilies—two lilies—white! And your hair done high as you wore it yesterday, with a sort of a golden thing around your head!"

"In Catalina's parlor!" she interrupted. "What a ridiculous costume!"

"Catalina's parlor?" he repeated, as though the thought pained him. "No! In some fit place—a wide room with soft, fur rugs and mirrors with white frames. Some place that was made for a woman like you! I'd like to see you there, with a light from above on your hair, and music—just a little music, far off."

She looked at him with eyes mischievously narrowed.

"What a dramatic young person you are!" she said. "And it wouldn't please you if I stood on Catalina's wolf rug while Luther played 'Lead Kindly Light' on the organ?"



But her badinage fell away from his mood like profanation.

He had brought her out upon that silvery bridge because that bridge happened to be the most romantic spot in all the discouraging landscape; because he felt romantic and decidedly serious. He meant to be serious. He was serious.

"Margaret," he said solemnly, "don't you want to go back?"

She started. Something aching began to swell in her throat, to throb and beat and quiver. To go back—to go back! To see it all once more—the streets—the people—life—life! To leave the garish glare and grittiness of this sordid place. How she wanted it! How she wanted it! She held her throat with both hands. Her eyes were wide with utter homesickness.

"Yes," she whispered weakly, "I want to go back!"

He came nearer.

"Margaret!" he cried, in a voice like a psalm.

But she had suddenly edged uneasily away. A step rocked the little bridge.

"Hello," said Owen Ware.

Margaret slid nervously off the railing.

"Owen," she began, in a quick, shrill voice, "when are you going to take me down the shaft? The old shaft—" she added, in explanation to Wainwright. "It belonged to my father. He began it. I want to see where he dug."

Wainwright looked up swiftly, a little amazed, and met the point-blank eyes of Owen Ware. For an instant, the look between them was like the snapping of an electric spark. Then the stern gaze of the young-old superintendent prevailed. The boy cleared his throat nervously and looked away.

Ware hesitated, resting a dusty shoe upon the rail.

"To-morrow," he said. "Maybe I'll have time at noon to take you down."

"But I don't want to go at noon," Margaret protested. "I want to see them at work. I want to see the ore dug out—as Dad used to dig it."

Again Wainwright's lip twisted, this time half scornfully. He moved away with a little shrug.

Ware shook his head.

"You'll have to go at noon," he insisted. "It wouldn't be safe any other time. Those leads are old and the timbering is not strong, as it used to be. I couldn't afford to risk it when the men are at work."

"Very well," she acquiesced cheerfully. "You come, too, Mr. Wainwright. I want to show you the spot where my father first found zinc in this country."

"I'm sorry," evaded Wainwright, "I'll be busy to-morrow at noon."

Margaret's head went up.

"Are you going down, Owen?" she asked. "Wait—I'll walk with you."

Owen Ware had been, himself, under the burden of every driven soul who passed him until his shoulders had a slightly forward droop. As they walked single file down the rocky path, with stiff grass bent and smoky with dust on either side, Margaret looked at him and wondered whence came

that little sag in the alert body of him. Not from much looking upon the ground, she knew; for Owen was a person who dwelt with his eyes always upon the supremest heights. Was it age—the thrust of withdrawing youth? Owen had been her father's friend and companion in the zinc fields since she could remember. He must be forty—or forty-five. Yet his hair was crisp and dark over his temples and he walked briskly with even a quicker step than Wainwright.

"OWEN," she asked suddenly, "how old are you?"

He stopped beside a boulder under a cedar tree and looked at her.

"Old enough," he said, "to know that God wrote the most wonderful poetry in the world when he inscribed that!" He pointed to the foamy, purple ridges, rolling like soft waves into the sky-line, with mists riding blithely atop.

Margaret flushed a little. Owen was always teasing her about Wainwright's poetry and it annoyed her to realize that she was growing sensitive on the subject.

"I like your mountains," she answered, "But Billy Wainwright does writes some beautiful poetry."

"He installs some beautiful dynamos, too," Ware admitted. "The trouble with the cub is that he can't see the connection between the two. That's why he has to moon around and stare into water and dig his verses out of books."

"I can't see any poetry in dynamos," Margaret protested. "They are too snappish!"

"When you have lived here a hundred years," said Owen, "you can find poetry in anything—even in Catalina's gospel hymns."

They were standing at the bend in the path above the river, where the yellow of the willows parted to let the waters mirror between, and the kindly vines overhung and hid the crashing progress of a dumpy little ore-car. Further on, the path tumbled, headlong, into a rutty road which bisected two rows of low houses, each a counterpart of its neighbor. But here the sordidness was all concealed. There was only beauty to behold, and majesty.

Owen Ware took off his hat. Margaret, looking at him, changed her mind again. He might be—well—thirty-five!

"A month ago," he said suddenly, "I thought you were a twelve-year old with a long, red pigtail!"

"That awful picture in Dad's watch!" Margaret observed. "Did you think I would stay twelve years old forever?"

He laughed. "We put Mother Goose pictures in your room—Catalina and I! We planned how we would educate you and Catalina would teach you to cook. And then, when you climbed off that train, Catalina had to run home and jerk those pictures down. It was quite a shock to us to find that you were a young lady."

Margaret sat down on a boulder and scratched at a sticky spot of pitch on her khaki skirt.

"Owen," she said, "some time I wish you'd tell me how Dad happened to lose all his money."

Ware drew a slow hand across his forehead. He had gone a bit gray. His lips set.

"I loved your father," he said, simply, "I loved him as though he were my own. And when Solomon and the German company sunk the new shaft, I advised him to sell. But he was an optimist—you know?"

"I've kept all his letters," she replied.

"He believed in the innate goodness of everybody," Ware went on. "He believed in Solomon—until the last. Then, when he realized that they were freezing him out, he tried to sell. But they laughed. The new veins were very rich."

"So he only got—the royalty?" put in Margaret.

A quick look of relief lit Ware's face as she took the words from his tongue. He nodded. "The royalty," he repeated.

"But Owen—some day the old shaft will be worth more. They'll need it some time, won't they?"

He smiled. "Your father thought so—to the end," he evaded. "We can't go back on him, can we?"

She shook her head, brightly. "No," she answered, "we can't go back on him."

"He loved this country," Ware's voice had sunk to the dreamy tone of the teller of tales. "He had a nickname for every hill and cove. He carried corn-bread in his hat for the blue jays. They learned to watch for him, over yonder on the old tramway. I've seen them, when nobody was watching, fly down and sit on his head."

"Poor birds!" exclaimed the girl. "And now nobody feeds them."

"I feed 'em," returned Ware simply. "He wanted to live here always, your father did. And he had his wish. I know how he felt. I feel the same way, myself."

SHE looked at him swiftly, very straight. He was so broad, so erect, save for the little sag in his shoulders. How imposing he would be in evening clothes or in tweeds correctly cut. She looked at his faded trousers, thrust into leather leggings, at his shirt with the neck unbuttoned, the sleeves rolled up above the elbow.

"Owen," she asked, sharply, "don't you ever want to go back?"

He looked at her, wrinkling his brow.

"Back?" he repeated. Back where?"

She waved an eloquent hand.

"Back into the world," she cried, "back among people—where you can live!"

"This is the world," he argued. "And life here seems to me pretty much what you make it. When you say 'the world' I suppose you mean cities. And I've never cared much for cities."

"But, Owen," she protested, "all these years! And you've never even seen a decent play!"

"No," he shook his head, "I haven't. But neither have I seen women degraded nor children whining for food. And I've missed seeing men's faces harden into the tortured bronze that cities carve and their souls twisted into the likeness of beasts."

"But up here—the isolation of it!" she exclaimed. "Never to meet a really clever man or a well-bred woman!"

Into his face came slowly a glow of warm light. He lifted his head—a strong head, nobly rounded.

"I've seen you," he said. "I don't ask anything better of God as long as I live!"

She rose up, twitching her skirt irritably. She had been moved to speak earnestly of things which stirred her and he answered her with utter foolishness!

"There must be something in the air to-day," she remarked coldly. "Whenever I talk to a man he lapses into idiocy. First Billy Wainwright—and now, you!"

She passed him and hurried down the path. He sat with his elbows sagged on his knees and did not move as long as she was in sight.

In her kitchen, Catalina Colby was beating eggs.

Catalina's shoulders were narrow and bent, her chest was narrow and concave, and her brown face was narrow and seamed and sometimes drawn with weariness. But the heart of Catalina was as broad as the horizon. And,

sooner or later, every lonely lad and rough, silent man about the mines crept into it. Having neither husband nor children, Catalina was wife and mother to the whole camp. Her own household included every homeless man employed at the plant; and Catalina cooked the things they liked, remembered their birthdays, and knew how long it was since the youngest of them had had a letter from home.

Now, as her egg-beater spun, she wailed a tuneless, minor hymn adjuring some unknown informant to "tell mother I'll be there." Catalina's hymns were as famous as her dumplings and perhaps as potent for good.

"Catalina!" Margaret Andress' shadow cut a black silhouette upon the sun-drenched floor. The little kitchen was stifling. The heat outside seemed to eddy upon the walls and roof, in conflict with the waves which surged up from the roaring cooking-stove. "Mercy, how hot it is!"

"Is it?" inquired Catalina. "I hadn't noticed it."

Margaret came into the kitchen, fanning herself with her hat.

"What are you making?" she inquired.

"Lemon pies," replied Catalina, pointing to a row of pastry-lined tins upon a shelf. "Owen likes lemon pies better than anything most, except sliced tomatoes. And he's been so moony and quiet lately I'm bakin' a mess to sort of chirk him up."

Margaret picked up a discarded lemon-rind and sniffed at it.

"Some day," she remarked, "I think I'll learn to cook."

"Well," sighed Catalina, "it's a good thing to know. I wish I had a smart girl to help me right now. It takes a lot of food to satisfy those boys and a sight of trotting to cook for 'em. If you ever lose your money or anything, you come to me first."

The girl laughed. "I will," she said. "To-morrow I'm going down the shaft—my father's shaft."

Catalina shut her lips tightly, just as Owen Ware had done.

"Hm" was all she said.

THERE was something about Billy Wainwright, as he leaned on the rail of the bridge and gazed down into the green, foaming water, that made Margaret Andress halt in the path and survey him with a quick little quiver of dread.

Wainwright had on his silk shirt, the new one with the collar most elegantly cut. His hair was combed back jauntily and he held a pipe with a studied air of lightness. But there was about him something grim and militant. He had the look of a knight in armor. And he was waiting for her.

Margaret climbed the path slowly. Wainwright was a handsome boy. She liked him, perhaps, better than any other man at the mines. And yet, whenever he looked at her as he did lately, she felt an instant impulse to fend with her hands, to spar for time, or to flee.

He looked up at her. "Let's walk down the track," he suggested. "The moon will be up in a few minutes."

They walked the narrow, little, unballasted tramway in silence. Wainwright was sober after the lip-twisting fashion of the man who has set himself a task and is speculating how to begin it. But Margaret had stood that day upon holy ground. She regarded the purple hills melting into the dark pool of the twilight sky, with eyes that were tender with memory. When they had passed the third shaft with its timbered cluttering about the mouth, she spoke.

"I'm beginning to love this place," she said.

Wainwright bit his lip.

"Are you?" he inquired without emotion.

"Don't you love it?" she turned on him. "Don't you like it—at all?"

He laughed without mirth.

"If it will please you, I wish I could say that I do," he said. "But I don't. I can't."

Margaret did not appear to hear.

"To-day," she said, "I stood in the bottom of my father's old shaft. I saw the places where he dug. I saw the timbering that he built. And I think I dreamed some of his

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WOTAN THE TERRIBLE

By WALTER A. DYER, Author of "Pierrot, Dog of Belgium," etc.

Illustrated by S. H. WAINWRIGHT

MILD, gray-haired Professor Hewitt appeared in the doorway of the living-room with an open letter in his hand.

"Doctor Niles wants us to take Wotan this summer," said he.

"Wants us to take Wotan?" echoed his wife. "What is that—some kind of patent medicine?"

"No," replied the professor, without the suspicion of a smile, "it's his dog. He and his family are going to Europe and they don't know of a good place to board him."

Mrs. Hewitt pursed her lips dubiously, but Harriet, their pretty daughter, laughed merrily. "Oh, let's take him," she cried. "He'll keep us company till college opens again. I've wanted a dog ever since poor, old Bobby died."

"What kind of a dog is it?" inquired her mother.

"He doesn't say," replied the professor, adjusting his spectacles and consulting the letter.

"It's probably one of those awful, chunky bulldogs, with a face like a Chinese idol," said Mrs. Hewitt, who was seldom optimistic.

"Perhaps it's a dear, fluffy little Pom," suggested the more sanguine Harriet. "Anyway, let's take him."

"I would like to oblige Bert," said Professor Hewitt gently. "He's done us so many kindnesses. And it isn't as though we lived in the city. Of course, it would be out of the question in the city."

Mrs. Hewitt was not convinced, but the more Harriet thought about it, the more she felt she wanted Wotan, and in the end, as was usual, she had her way.

Dr. Niles expressed his great appreciation in his next letter, but seemed a bit perplexed as to the best method of sending on the dog. So Professor Hewitt, who found it necessary to go to New York on business anyway, offered to run out to Garden City and get him.

A WEEK later, a taxicab stopped at the Grand Central Station and a somewhat nervous-looking professor of biology stepped out with a small valise in one hand and the end of a dog chain in the other. A quiet word and a tug on the chain produced no effect. The professor placed his valise on the curb and hauled at the chain with both hands.

"Come, Wotan," he called, with as much of stern authority as he could command.

A little knot of the curious gathered about him (a large proportion of New York's population are professional spectators), and a little man suggested that the chain might be caught on something.

The professor knew exactly what it was caught on, and bracing a small foot against the taxi, proceeded to heave convulsively.

Presently the chain began to draw out a little, and at length, a great, brindled, crop-eared head appeared.

"By Jove," exploded a dapper man, "it's a pony!"

"Huh," responded a wise newsboy, scornfully, "if it was a pony, he'd ride 'im. It's a pup."

A long, muscular foreleg, as big as the professor's arm, followed the head, and with a mighty effort that threatened the taxi's springs, Wotan drew his ponderous bulk out upon the sidewalk. The little man stepped out of the way with a boyish agility that nearly ruined the dapper gentleman, and picking up his valise, Professor Hewitt led his stately charge into the station.

They proceeded to the information desk, where the professor wished to inquire how one went about getting a dog into a baggage-car. He was obliged to wait while the more or less patient clerks explained time-tables to a row of anxious and uncomprehending females. Wotan posed majestically, his head on a level with the professor's elbow, and another little group of tired business men and cosmopolitans formed a circle about them.

"What kind of a dog is he?" inquired a man in a green felt hat.

"A Great Dane," replied Professor Hewitt, whose calling was to impart information.

"What is he for? That is, what does he do?" asked another onlooker, with the air of one who made a careful study of things, his question suggesting that these animals might be used for piling teak at Mandalay.

"I don't know what he does—yet," replied the professor.

There was a slight drawing away on the part of the crowd, and a young man was heard to remark to a lady with him that the Belgians used them for hauling field-guns in the war.

The professor was becoming annoyed by this attention.

"It is a carnivorous species," he said maliciously, and there was a retiring movement on the part of the commuters.

The professor was told by a sprightly and intelligent clerk that live stock was handled by freight, but the



THE PROFESSOR BRACED A SMALL FOOT AGAINST THE TAXI, AND PROCEEDED TO HEAVE CONVULSIVELY

professor insisted that Wotan was a zoölogical specimen that would need to be handled with care, because intended for microscopic purposes. At last he found a sympathetic Irishman from the baggage department, who seemed to know what to do with Wotan.

During the homeward journey, the professor was able to concentrate his mind on other matters and leave the problems of transportation to the railroad company. Even at Springfield, he refused to be worried and extracted a certain apprehensive pleasure from the spectacle of four trainmen inducing Wotan to change cars, while the news spread about among the youth of the city that a circus was being detained in the passenger station.

THE details of Professor Hewitt's journey with Wotan from the Atwater station to his home on Sabbath Hill are enlivening, though monotonous. With the help of a dusky giant who had once traveled with an Uncle Tom's Cabin outfit, he managed to get the dog hoisted into the single, dusty hack that was waiting. But Wotan had become weary of vehicular travel and was a bit restless, in an elephantine fashion. Also he was disposed to be affectionate upon rejoining his new master, and he expressed his emotions by persistent, though ineffectual, attempts to curl up in the professor's lap, detaching a vest button in the process, crushing two perfectly good cigars, interfering with the professor's pulmonary functions, and variously damaging his appearance and upsetting his equanimity.

When the hack stopped at the professor's gate, the idea of home and food was in some way suddenly suggested to Wotan's unburdened intelligence. He leaped to the ground with unexpected alacrity, jerking the annoyed savant after him in a parabolic exit. The professor applied his slender brakes, but the approach to the house was executed in whirlwind fashion. Wotan, seeing a hospitable doorway before him, opened wide his cavernous mouth, with its horrific armament of gleaming fangs, and emitted a shattering roar of canine delight.

He paused for a moment to sniff at the threshold, but before the professor could gather his scattered wits together, Wotan snatched the chain from his relaxed grasp and dashed joyfully into the house.

By this time, Harriet had come breathlessly to the scene of the disturbance, narrowly escaping a head-on collision with the invader. She closed the front door, with the half-formed idea that the fury were better confined. Whereat the hackman drove regretfully away.

Wotan, confused by the unfamiliar labyrinth of rooms, slackened his headlong rush and proceeded to investigate. To his benighted mind, the possibility of discovering food seemed as likely to exist in one place as another. He sniffed about the corners, nosed Mrs. Hewitt's work-basket into an unrecognizable tangle, sneezed a peck of fine ashes out of the fireplace, and tested the flavor of a giant horseshoe crab, long defunct and very brittle. During this exploration, he was continuously and disastrously wagging his monstrous tail. A rocking-chair was sent into violent oscillation, the glass doors of the bookcase resounded under a terrific thwack, the potted begonia went sailing off its tabouret to destruction, and the not uncourageous professor received a disabling blow some inches below the chest.

It was the butter balls that suggested the solution. Maggie, the maid, deposited them precipitately on the dining-room floor upon her first encounter with Wotan. This fact probably saved the leg of lamb, for Maggie retreated rapidly into the kitchen and banged the door shut, while Wotan paused to devour, with a moist, soughing sound, the delicious golden globules.

With a resourcefulness born of desperation, the professor baited Wotan with a cracker, and taking another, hurried out of the front door, with Wotan threatening to upset him at every step. It was only when the Great Dane was safely housed for the night in a box stall in the unused barn, in company with the remains of yesterday's roast, a loaf of stale bread, and a bucket of water, that peace descended at last upon the Hewitt household.

It took some little time to get used to Wotan. When he had become calmer and more accustomed to his surroundings, he was allowed inside the house again. But, though he did not repeat his introductory performance, one had to be constantly on the lookout for him. He always wagged his tail when pleased, and it was necessary to maneuver toward the front to avoid the danger of a lame hand or black-and-blue thigh. Apparently this tail, which possessed several of the qualities of an elephant's trunk, was insensible to pain, or he would have learned to restrain its violence. When all breakables had been removed to mantel or plate-rail—or broken—Wotan's posterior activities aroused less apprehension.

Then, there was the perennial surprise of his dimensions. His chief indoor sport, next to eating and wagging, was to lie at full length on the living-room floor and snore. When in this posture, he occupied practically all the available floor-space. If one attempted to enter the room through the dining-room door, one encountered a great head and shoulders, which constituted an obstacle well-nigh insurmountable for a person not accustomed to vaulting. If one made a wide detour and attempted to gain an entrance by way of the front hall, one usually found that approach blocked by Wotan's hind quarters. It was possible, by means of a well-directed French heel, to arouse him to wakefulness or, at least, to a shifting of position, but this was usually accompanied by so perilous an upheaval that the method was generally abandoned.

While dozing in this extensive fashion, Wotan's snores were whole-souled and unrestrained. He was delightfully naive about this, quite lacking in self-consciousness. These snores, aside from their effectiveness in expressing an elemental emotion, possessed a carrying power out of all proportion to their harmoniousness.

I MENTIONED his eating. If you take the appetite of a small gray kitten, and multiply it by the difference between its weight and Wotan's, you will have a reasonably accurate estimate of the dog's alimentary demands. At first, they fed him daintily three times a day, with the residual miscellany from the family table. But Wotan's disapproval of this system was unmistakable. Then a belated letter came from Dr. Niles, advising one meal a day, administered at night, the salient characteristic of which should be bulk. Detailed suggestions followed, and Wotan's dinner thereafter consisted of two quarts of skim-milk and a couple of loaves, aggregating about five pounds, whose chief ingredients were corn-meal, raw beef scraps, and the greater portion of those by-products and remnants of the commissary department which had previously found lodgment in the galvanized iron pail. Dessert usually consisted of a bovine thigh-bone with such shreds of suet and sinew as might still cling thereto.

Wotan did not consume all of these bones. When through with them, after the manner of his kind, he buried them. Most dogs, following the instinct of the wild, bury their bones surreptitiously. A terrier will take his bone down toward the currant bushes, and then, with many backward castings of the eye, he will sneak around to the other side of the house. Here he will scent out a likely spot in the geranium bed, and with a fury born of the fear of pursuit, he will develop a hole of ample proportions in about forty seconds. Herein he will place his precious bone, tamp it down, and push the earth back in with his nose. When all is over he will return to the kitchen steps by way of the back hedge, sublimely unconscious that any deductions can be drawn from a soil-caked nose and a broken geranium.

It was not so with Wotan. When the marrow had been extracted from his bone and the outside polished to his satisfaction, he would take it boldly in his teeth, unsuspecting of man or beast, lay it tenderly on a row of lettuce in the garden, and proceed to undermine the barn. It seemed important to Wotan that his holes should be ample in area and that his bones should be deposited well below frost-line, but his solicitude appeared to depart after the first few

spoonfuls of earth had been pushed back in, and it was generally necessary for some one to go down with a spade and restore the grade.

Wotan was dignified, he was majestic, he was physically superb. He was a perfect foil for Harriet's slender prettiness and she was fully aware of the fact. She took him walking through the village nearly every day, and though there was a paucity of desirable young men along the line of march, in whom she cared to arouse sentiments of admiration, it gave her a feeling of satisfaction to know that she attracted attention and, perhaps, envy.

And Wotan always behaved perfectly. If he left something to be desired in the way of high spirits, he, at least, never disgraced her by mad rushes in the direction of unwary cats or undesirable canine citizens. Her chief delight was to waylay acquaintances who were evidently afraid of Wotan.

ONE afternoon in early September, she returned alone from a call, to find something unusual going forward in the front yard. Her father and mother, she knew, were both out, and Wotan had been left to guard the premises. Instead of bounding toward her in his usual stiff-legged way, he remained, apparently preoccupied, beneath the maple tree by the front porch. Beside him, she discerned a Panama hat, which he had apparently nosed and moistened a trifle, but had left otherwise uninjured.

Harriet's eyes, as she approached, were drawn upward to the branches of the tree. Dangling his Oxfords from a lower limb, sat a man, on the safe side of thirty, dressed in

light flannel trousers and a blue serge coat. He was somewhat bald and wore round, tortoise-shell spectacles; otherwise he was quite good-looking.

Harriet paused and regarded him with amusement.

"You can come down now," she said. "Wotan, come here."

The Great Dane arose clumsily and stalked up to her with a puzzled expression of inquiry. The young man,

after a moment's hesitation, swung himself from the branch and dropped to the ground. Picking up his hat gingerly, he said:

"This is Miss Hewitt, I suppose?"

Harriet nodded.

"I am Winter, the new laboratory assistant," he volunteered.

Harriet advanced a step and held out a gracious, white-gloved hand.

"I'm pleased to meet you, I'm sure," she said with a polite smile.

"I just arrived in Atwater this morning," continued Winter, "and thought I'd run up and pay my respects to your father. I was met at this point by your honest watchdog, and not having been previously introduced to him, I thought it prudent not to force my acquaintance upon him. Perhaps I did him an injustice."

"Oh, Wotan wouldn't harm anything," said Harriet, patting the dog.

Winter overlooked the unflattering impersonality of the remark.

"I believe you," said he, placing a hand tentatively on Wotan's head, "and I am relieved."

"Father should be back very soon," said Harriet. "Won't you come up on the porch and wait for him?"

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"YOU CAN COME DOWN NOW," SHE SAID

FOLLOWING THE GYPSY TRAIL

A RACE WITH A SPIRAL OF SMOKE AS ITS NATIONAL FLAG

By EDITH STOW

HERE come some gypsies! See the gypsies!" This is the cry that runs ahead of them through village and town.

Men call it across the street; women press their faces against the windows; the little children scamper to shelter. Then, around the corner, trails slowly some gypsy band. There are a couple of high red wagons out of which hang a covey of dusky children, a muddy buggy, and a light sulky for exhibiting horses. Alongside the cavalcade run three or four mongrel dogs, their tongues hanging out and their eyes gleaming with satisfaction. Up the best street of the village moves the foreign-looking procession, and then out again into the open country. "There they go!" some last villager may say. And once more the town settles down, smug and circumspect.

Since the days when I was a little country child, scurrying to safety from them, I have made friends in many a gypsy camp. I have laughed with them and watched them mourn their dead. Once a hedgerow dream came true and, for a day, I was *aprey the droom* with the winding road ahead. The swaying red top of the wagon creaked rhythmically; a dusky beautiful woman drove the horses; the children and the family cinnamon bear took turns poking a face between us to catch the view. I heard the cry of "Gypsies!" run ahead of us; and because in not one face did I find an understanding of them, because in so few any fellow-kindness for them, I would stand shoulder to shoulder with these friends of mine and show them as they really are.

The gypsy is not a tramp. The tramp belongs to our social order; he is a deterioration. The gypsy is a growth; he is the child of a vigorous faith in life.

It is now ten centuries and over since the first gypsy bands wandered out of the hill country of northern India. That is a land of castes, and each class lives within a fixed set of limitations. The Roms of ten centuries ago, like the Roms that wander the highlands of India today, were either horse-traders or bear-trainers, metal-workers, basket-makers, or musicians. The Romanies or gypsies that roam up and down between New York and Pittsburg make their living by these trades. Those that stamped out their camp-fires a thousand years ago and turned their backs on India, bade their kin goodbye in a language peculiar to their tribe. The gypsies that pass one another on the roads of America to-day call out a greeting in this same tongue.

It is impossible to come to know the gypsies without being able to speak, at least to a slight degree, their *kalo*

jib; but a single phrase of it is like the password of a secret fraternity, opening for you a closed door and admitting you into an atmosphere of good-fellowship. As practically no *gorgio* or outsider is ever taught the language, they argue that one who speaks it must either be of their blood, or else a person in whose heart the wind has sung its music.

ONE afternoon in the city of Rochester, rumor brought the news that a band of Hungarian-American Stanleys—that intelligent family, a thousand members strong, which centers at Chicago—had *hatched the tan*, pitched their tents, outside the city limits. Bent on a friendly adventure, we left the end of the car line and took a straggling foot-path across field. When possible, these camps are set back from the road in some secluded or even hidden spot. This gives greater privacy for their family life and also a better view. For the gypsy delights in his view, just as a connoisseur is proud of the pictures on his walls. It is amusing to hear an old veteran of the roads apologize for the landscape when it is not up to his liking.

From among the distant tree-tops rose a spiral column of smoke, the national flag the gypsy hoists. On closer view, the Stanley camp presented the usual litter of wagons, open fires, and untethered horses. Before one of the brown tents, a comely woman, poorly clad, was telling fortunes. My palm lay in hers and I waited my chance. As she raised her dusky velvet eyes, I looked into them in silence for a



THE GYPSY DELIGHTS IN HIS VIEW, JUST AS A CONNOISSEUR IS PROUD OF THE PICTURES ON HIS WALLS

minute—which is the one and only way to do the trick gypsily—and then said:

"*Will tutes pen dukkerin, ba?*" "Will you tell my fortune, friend?"

At the sound of the words, her face was swept too blank for even a look of surprise.

"Romany!" she gasped. "What kind of a Romany are you?"

"*Romanesce!*" she called aloud; and the whole camp came at a run, forming into a smiling, questioning circle about us.

"*Romanesce?*" they inquired.

"*Gorgio, affinandos.*" "No, a friend of the gypsies."

But gypsy or *gorgio*, it mattered not, so long as we spoke the *kalo jib*.

The change that had been worked was like magic. The dusky faces had lost their sullen looks and their sidelong, gypsy glances. Instead of trying to wheedle money out

of our pockets, they offered the most generous hospitality. The little children volunteered to "play on their chins"; which we discovered meant a kind of clicking tune made by jiggling the teeth together with the hand. The bears were brought out and put through their tricks; for the Stanleys are bear-training gypsies, fitting the animals for the circuses and for those picturesque individuals that

used when a number are traveling together in a band or, possibly, when all the companies that belong to a family are gathering at some one place for a meeting, as a funeral."

Who can say that romance has died out of the world when a walk along any country road may lead you past a *patteran* message written in signs a thousand years old?

You have brushed them with your skirts a hundred times, without even giving them a thought.

THE big traveling-van or *wardos* is the gypsy's home. To the woman accustomed to a house fitted with every convenience, a wagon would seem intolerably cramped. But the traveling-van of the better class of gypsies is compact and complete. The high-class American gypsy pays as much as seven hundred dollars for his family van. It is generally painted red, the color beloved of the Romanies, who have a rhyme that runs:

Red and yellow for Romany,
And blue and pink for the Gorgiee.

At the back of the van, two beds, each six feet long, are arranged like berths. Along the wall on the right are a small stove and a table, or rather a shelf, arranged on hinges so that it lets down. Op-

posite these, on the left side of the van, stands a chest of drawers. Sometimes there are windows, prettily curtained, set in the canvas, and often yards of lace, kept for trade, are caught to the ribs of the cover and hang in delicate pendants. A trap-door, cut in the floor at the rear, opens to a small ice-box and provision compartment. A similar door in the front gives access to a compartment in which bedding is packed. When traveling through sec-



SETTLING DOWN FOR A WEEK OR TWO

wander the country with trained bears. One old Bruin wheeled round and round the camp-fire on a rickety bicycle. A little black bear solemnly put a rusty basin on his head and danced from foot to foot.

"I shall get three hundred dollars for old Ben who rides the bicycle. He is going into a circus," said George Stanley, the head of this band. "The rest of them will be shipped back to the headquarters at Chicago and sold from there."

Then he continued with considerable pride, "I'm a good blacksmith; I shoe all my own horses. I'm a good veterinary surgeon. And I can make seven dollars a day as a master coppersmith. But I make as much this way. And then, I'm Romany."

SUCH is the power of the *kalo jib*. Those that speak old or "deep" Romany, give it with conjugation and inflection, but as it is now generally spoken on the roads, the relative meaning of the words depends on their position in the sentence. We Americans have appropriated three of its fifteen hundred words. That comradly word "pal" is pure *kalo jib* for brother. "Dad" is from the Romany for father. The gypsy *mashava* has been sadly vulgarized in our slang word, "mash." To them it signifies spontaneous coquetry, the sidelong glance of softly gleaming eyes, as natural to youth as its song is to the bird.

The Romanies have another language called the *patteran*. This is a sign-language made by sticks thrust upright by the roadside, twigs broken and hanging pendant on the bushes, little bundles of straw laid crosswise at a forking of the road.

"We use the *patteran* mostly during the warm months when all the Romanies are moving," said George Stanley, flicking the bear under the chin to make it dance. "It is



BRUIN ENJOYS LEISURE IN WINTER QUARTERS



A GYPSY MOTHER IN A MUTUALLY AGREEABLE INTERVIEW WITH ONE OF THE CAMP PETS

tions in which it is necessary to provide in advance for the horses, a skeleton frame designed to carry fodder is let down on straps from the rear of the wagon. This is the van of the high-class Romany; for there are gypsies and gypsies. There are the poor, black tribes, the *kalo rat*, but newly arrived on our shores, who have not yet out-

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THE LITTLE GOLD GOD

A SERIAL STORY

By ROSE LOMBARD and AUGUSTA PHILBRICK—Illustrated by H. R. BALLINGER

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING INSTALMENTS.—

Betty Warrington, traveling across the continent to visit her father, who is opening the Rosario Mine on a desert island off the coast of California, meets an old friend who presents Lieutenant Gordon of the U. S. Navy. Gordon gives Betty a mascot, a Little Gold God, who, if he does not bring luck, must be stood on his head. In the bosom of the Little God, Gordon has placed a very personal and mysterious message, but Betty does not know it. At Los Angeles, Betty is met by her brother, Ted, who is in love with a California girl, Alice Nevins; in San Diego they are all entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Reed, friends of Ted's; and the Reeds and Alice Nevins accept Ted's invitation to go to Rosario. In saying good-by to Betty as she is leaving San Diego, Gordon tells her of a girl with whom he is in love, and asks her advice, without mentioning the girl's name. The Little Gold God refuses to stand on his head on the steamer, and Betty is puzzled. They reach Rosario, are met by Betty's father, become acquainted with members of the camp, and inspect their future quarters.

In which Ted runs from a steer and captures an angel; and Betty conceives an undying hatred for hair with golden lights.

(Chapter continued from August issue)

I WAS still mooning over Jack Gordon's letters when Teddy came in and asked if I wanted to go down to the landing and see them bring in some cattle. He said there were a few mean animals on board that promised some excitement; so Alice and I went with him, and we had a very exciting afternoon that came near ending in a dreadful tragedy.

The steers arrive in big crates and are brought close to the shore on lighters. Then ropes are fastened around the crates and they are hauled ashore. The poor animals get frantic when they find themselves swinging in mid air over the water, and by the time they are safely landed, their dispositions are anything but angelic.

While the steer is still in the crate, two lassos are slipped over his horns, and the front of the crate is opened. A Mexican holds on to one rope and flashes a red handkerchief in the steer's face; then he runs for the corral as fast as he can clip. The steer goes madly after him, but is restrained by three Mexicans at the end of the other rope. It is a wild race, though, and a dangerous one. A fourth man stands at the gate of the corral, and the instant the runner reaches it, the gate is swung wide, and he dashes in, followed by the steer. The gate clangs shut after him, and the Mexican is over the fence and outside again before the steers inside realize what is happening.

Dad says the thing could be handled less sensationally, but the Mexicans have it to do, and they do some things best in their own way. They don't seem to mind the danger. There is shouting and laughing and clapping; and everybody but the steer seems to enjoy it.

Sometimes the steer refuses to play follow-the-leader, and turns to charge the three men in the rear. In this case, there must be some one to help the runner hold him back, or there is trouble. When there is a particularly vicious animal on board, they wait to land him last, because he is apt to excite the cattle already in the corral and make it more dangerous to run in among them.



I THINK I WILL MAIL THAT LETTER BEFORE I HAVE A CHANCE TO CHANGE MY MIND AGAIN

We were watching them land the third steer, and it seemed to me I would as soon jump into a den of wildcats as to rush into that pen full of tossing horns and stamping, angry animals; but the Mexican runner was laughing. For a second, he was lost to sight in a wild melée of hoofs and horns, and then, light as a cat, he was over the fence and dancing excitedly about on the outside.

"Well, I take off my hat to that runner!" I said.

"Don't do it, Kid," drawled Teddy, "he is one of the worst Greasers we have."

"Bad Greaser or not," I said indignantly, "he has a lot of spunk to run those steers into that corral the way he does!"

"Poof," said Teddy. "It is no stunt at all."

At that moment, Alice gave me the surprise of my life. It wasn't necessary for me to go after Teddy. That modest violet of a little girl was suddenly transformed into a flaring Roman candle. I had no idea she had such a temper!

"Ted Warrington," she cried, "I should think you would be ashamed of yourself!

I wouldn't have believed you could be such a cad! When a man is plainly risking his life so that you may have meat to eat, you sit safely at one side smoking a cigarette and say it is no trick at all!"

Teddy never said one word, but he flushed up dreadfully and walked away from us. Alice might just as well have shot him. Of course, it did sound a caddish thing to say, but I felt sorry for Teddy. And yet I knew how Alice felt, too. I knew she cared for him and just could not bear to hear him talk like that. He was toppling on his pedestal with her and she was trying to blow him back in a whirlwind of scorn.

The Roman candle died out as suddenly as it had flared up. Alice was trembling. Her cheeks were flushed, and I could see she was making an effort to keep back the tears. I stood racking my brain for the right thing to say, when all necessity for words was taken from me by the sight of Ted, with coat off and curly head bare, running for the corral with rope in hand, and the fourth and last steer, the most vicious of them all, putting up the ugliest fight I ever saw.

ALICE dug her fingers into my arm so that I nearly screamed with pain, and as I glanced up, I saw that the flush had faded and she had gone deadly pale. But her eyes were glued on Ted, and looking back at him, I saw he was keeping his eyes on her as he ran, one eyebrow cocked up and a mocking smile on his lips.

As we watched, the steer must have caught sight of the scarlet scarf on my hat, for he stopped, and wheeling to one side, made a plunge right for us. The sudden strain snapped the second rope and left Teddy alone holding the beast. Alice and I turned and ran. We were confronted by what, at the moment, seemed to be a small wooden mountain, but proved, later, to be only a big tank mounted on a wagon, like a city sprinkling-cart. It had been used to carry water to the upper camp before the pipe-line was laid.

I scaled the side of it—I don't know yet how I did it. There must be something of the cat in me, for the whole household have been out since to look that thing over, and no one can understand how I reached the top, myself least of all. But I did, and pulled Alice up after me; and in far less time than it takes to tell it we were safely out of harm's way.

When the steer found he couldn't have us, he decided to take Teddy, who fled like a nobleman. While he was running, he struck a rock and went flat. The steer was almost upon him, and I shut my eyes lest I should see the rest. I felt myself growing dizzy and weak, but I was brought to life very suddenly by having Alice keel right over on top of me in a dead faint. I gave one look to where Ted had fallen and saw that he was up and running again. Somebody helped me get Alice down and then we heard shouts and cheers, and looking back, I saw Ted had managed to run the rope around the big electric-light pole, and the men were throwing another lasso over the steer's horns.

It was the fall that saved Teddy, the men said. The beast was headed a little to one side, and before he could stop and charge again, Ted had a fair start for the pole.

We got Alice on the couch in the living-room, and as soon as she opened her eyes, I told her Teddy was all right. Then the tears came, and so did Teddy, like the prince in the fairy story, at the same time. As he knelt beside the couch, I slipped away. I felt sure it would be announced, to the family, at least, very soon.

It must be a wonderful thing to be as happy as Ted and Alice are right now. That little girl has bloomed like a rose for the last two weeks. She is very shy and timid with Dad still, although she adores him, and he has taken her right into his big, warm heart with the rest of us. It was to have been kept a secret among us for the present,

until Alice could have time to write to Grandmamma, but with Teddy going around looking as if he had suddenly fallen heir to all the happiness on earth and Alice devouring him with her eyes whenever he walked into the room, it didn't take very long for the whole camp to make a few shrewd guesses. Teddy was so crazy to tell everybody that he was the happiest, and the most fortunate man on top of the globe, that it was just as well to let it out and keep him from exploding with pent-up joy.

He comes to me about sixteen times a day and says:

"Now, honestly, Betty, don't you think Alice is the loveliest girl in the world?"

Then I go into ecstasies over her and Teddy joins in, and he goes away with a beaming smile on his face, which lasts until he feels it necessary to ask me all over again. His head was so thoroughly in the clouds that he didn't even know it was steamer day this morning—but what difference does the coming and going of a mere boat with a mail-sack make to him, with Alice on the Island beside him?

I'VE just been going over my own correspondence, and I don't know what to make of Jack Gordon. I have another long letter from him to-day, full of that girl! Her eyes are deep, deep blue and her hair is dark, but when the sun shines on it, it turns to burnished gold. I'm willing to listen to Teddy rave about Alice's hair, but if anybody else says anything to me about hair with golden glints, I am going to scratch him. I suppose her skin is creamy white, too, like Alice's, and she has the same gentle, placid disposition, but he spared me those details.

Did you ever know a man stupid enough to fill up a letter to one girl with maudlin ravings about another, like that? Well, when I think of the condition Ted is in, it helps me to understand. But I wish Jack Gordon had a



"THIS IS THE END," HE SAID, AND HIS VOICE WAS STRAINED

sister of his own and had not selected me to play the part. It seems to me it was acquiring a sister under false pretenses. He should have come to me that first day on the train and explained: "Miss Warrington, I am looking for a sister. I am madly in love with a girl whom I must talk about, and I need a nice, patient, sympathetic person to listen to me." Then I could have explained very easily that anyone who played sister to Ted Warrington had all the wear and tear on her feelings that one person could be expected to stand; and we could have selected a nice, motherly, middle-aged person for Mr. Gordon, whose advice would have been so much better than that of an inexperienced person like me.

I do wish I could put him out of my head and not bother about him, for I am sure the feeling I have for him is only wounded vanity; and I am truly ashamed not to be able to conquer it. He keeps begging me to write to him. So far I haven't written, but I would hate to have him get a chance to examine my waste-paper basket this afternoon. He would be flattered to death at the amount of ink and paper I have wasted trying to write a letter I would be willing to send. I have written him a polite, cool little note, thanking him for his letters and confidences. But I can't send that. If I don't mention her, he might think that I cared—and, of course, I don't.

I have written him a friendly, jolly letter, telling him about all the good times on the Island and how nice Dick is. Dick is nice. But I am not at all alarmed about it—I probably remind him of some girl he left behind in the States, and presently he will be wanting me to be a sister to him, too. But, somehow, in writing about my doings here, Dick does seem to loom pretty large. I have a great mind to send that letter. Perhaps I could choke off some of his eulogies on the angel with golden glints in her hair, if I just filled up five or six pages, myself, telling him what a wonder Dick is. He may wake up to the fact that, for a friendly correspondence, that kind of stuff makes dull reading. I think I will clap a stamp on that letter and mail it before I have a chance to change my mind again.

The Little Gold God is asleep on his back. He won't stand on his head; and he is a perfectly worthless luck-piece sitting up on his throne. I am seriously considering taking him up to the assay office to Dick, some day, and asking him to put him into one of his funny little baking-dishes. Then, we will take him up on a pair of great, long tongs and stick him in the glowing furnace and just gloat over the little villain, while he writhes and wriggles himself into a shapeless lump. It sounds like a very cold-blooded way to treat the little fellow, but he ought to realize that it is his business to be of some use in the world—he is far too ugly to be allowed to exist with the notion in his head that he is ornamental!

In which Betty declines an offer of marriage and plants the seeds for a nice, large crop of trouble.

I HAVE had a proposal! And, oh, me! like most of the things that I thought I was just crazy to have, after it came, I found it wasn't anything I liked or wanted at all. I suppose I have been like most girls in harboring a secret hope that I should have at least enough scalps to my belt before Prince Charming came along, so that he need not feel humiliated by selecting a girl nobody else had wanted. But now—I don't know.

No; it wasn't Dick. I suppose it would be natural to conclude that I led Dick on a bit too fast and that I found I did not want him, after all, and am suffering the qualms of the flirt who has laid low the heart of a good and honest man. But if Dick is in love with me, he is still keeping it dark. My conscience is in a fine and healthy condition on that score, and I am feeling just a bit flustered, a great deal surprised, and a little indignant, all at once.

Up to to-day, Charlie Richards simply never came into my head at all, as a man who might be interested in me. My first impression of him was of a rather disagreeable young man, tremendously puffed up over his own importance and

his father's money-bags, very much spoiled at home, and just simply dull and uninteresting.

That is a pretty description of a young man who felt perfectly certain I was so crazy about him I would fall into his arms at the first invitation, isn't it? I don't know what kind of people he has had about him, but out in the world where money and what it can do count for so much, he must have been persuaded that he was the most wonderful person on earth; whereas, down here, where all the boys have to stand just on their own manhood, he has really shown up as the least attractive of them all and he does not know how to take it.

When we first came, all his attentions were for Alice; but Teddy glared at him so like a black thunder-cloud once or twice when he tried to break in there, that he soon gave up. Then he began to transfer his attention to me, but he has been so different from my notion of a man trying to win the girl he loves that his proposal came as a complete surprise this afternoon, and I nearly fell off a rock into the ocean with the shock of it. I am a little sorry now that I didn't do it, too, for it would have been such an easy way to find out how much he actually cared. I think he would have hated to muss up that beautiful white suit, and if he had failed to jump promptly, it would have settled the matter so nicely.

I should have felt sorry for him, if he hadn't ended up by being so disagreeable and caddish that I lost my temper and told him just what we all thought about him, before I got through. And I know, by the look in his eyes, that he will never forgive me.

SO I have made a terrible mess of my first proposal; and instead of being able to annex the victim as a kindly brother, I have made a bitter enemy for life.

What made me cross with him was his attempt to accuse me of leading him on. If it had been Dick, now, I might have felt a little uneasy, perhaps; but when Charlie Richards called me a heartless flirt and said that I had been amusing myself with him, I couldn't stand it.

"What on earth have I ever said to make you think I gave you a second thought?" I demanded.

"It isn't only what one says," he began slowly, "it's the way you have looked at me so often."

"Good gracious, what do you mean?" I cried. "If there has ever been a sentimental glance exchanged between us, I must have been crazy when it happened. I assure you I haven't any recollection of it!"

"Do you remember," he said sternly, "the night we all walked out on these very rocks to watch the moon rise over the water, and you were with me? Do you remember I was telling you about moonrise in the Alps, and you sat there and looked and looked at me with your eyes half shut?"

I couldn't help it. I know I ought not to have laughed, but that picture of me sitting in the moonlight casting sheep's eyes at a desirable young man, like a lovesick housemaid, was too much for me. And I had lost my patience a little, too.

"Charlie Richards," I cried, "that is too ridiculous for words! If I ever did look at you with my eyes half shut, it was probably because I was so dead with sleep I could not keep them open! It isn't any compliment to your brilliant gifts of conversation!"

That was horrid of me. I thought it would settle the matter, and he did turn sort of purple and walk away a minute. But he came back, determined to give me one more chance. He was afraid I was turning him down without realizing what I was doing; and when he finished his little speech, I knew that he was the son of one of the wealthiest men in Milwaukee. So I explained to him, for the good of his soul, that he had stamped himself an insufferable cad, and how nice people looked on such a performance. I didn't spare him. He stood looking out over the water, and when he finally turned toward me again, it scared me a little. He had flushed red before, but now he was white and there was a queer, tight line about his mouth.

"This is the end," he said and his voice was strained, "you and your father are going to have plenty of occasions to regret this afternoon's work before I get through with you!"

I am sorry I laughed, because I wasn't at all amused, but just a little hysterical. I don't know what he imagines Dad has to do with it, but at any rate, it is all over now and he says he is going back to Milwaukee on the next boat, and I think no one will be sorry. Dad has never seemed to like him, although he is always beautifully courteous to him; but he doesn't father him as he does our other boys, and he never calls him down, no matter how much he neglects his duties.

I was going to apologize for laughing, he had looked so white and intense and I had not meant to hurt his feelings any further; but just then, looking out over the water, I saw a big speck on the horizon with a long trail of smoke out behind it, and in a moment we were both so excited over the prospect of the "St. Michael" coming a day too soon and from the wrong direction that we forgot everything else. We raced back to camp and found everybody demoralized, running around with opera-glasses as though we had never seen a ship before. As she came closer, we could see she was big and black, much larger than the "St. Michael," and another shout went up when Ted discovered that she carried guns.

My heart went right up into my mouth. Jack Gordon is on the "Arizona," and I remembered what he had said about the battleships going to Magdalena Bay for target practise. It didn't seem probable that the "Arizona" would stop at the Island, even if she came this way, and yet the big ship seemed to be coming straight for us. Ted had the best glasses, and in a moment he began to laugh.

FOR goodness sake, Ted," I begged, "stop laughing and tell us the joke!"

"The 'Iturbide' is the joke," he explained. "She is the Mexican gunboat that patrols this coast. She is so old and covered with barnacles that she never dares come within a mile of shore. She came into Ensenada Bay once when Dad and I were there; and she nearly exploded a gun trying to salute the British Consul, and finally had to give it up as a bad job. That is what tickles me so. The

power-house has been screeching itself hoarse, and, no doubt, they are breaking their necks out there trying to fire a salute—and they can't make it! They won't do anything undignified as to whistle."

"But what are they coming for, Ted?"

"Just a friendly visit. They promised long ago, but I had forgotten. You and Alice run up to the house and get into your best togs and tell the Jap to serve wine and cake in the living-room. I must go 'phone Dad to hustle down from the upper camp."

So that was all. But when you are living on a desert island, even an afternoon call from a decrepit Mexican gunboat is worth while, and Alice and I flew to get dressed.

FIVE officers came ashore, resplendent in gold and blue, and rowed in by ten sailors in immaculate white. They spoke very broken English, and until Dad came in and could interpret for them, we had a hard time entertaining them. We had a very jolly afternoon and they promised to come again. They were all much taken with Alice. Blue eyes and golden hair are so rare in Mexico that they are

[Continued on page 54]



"DADDY," I SAID FINALLY, "DO YOU BELIEVE IN LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT?"

CLEVER WOMEN WHO

AS MET BY



LOIS Weber (above) is a director of film plays, and in her spare time writes scenarios and plays for the moving pictures.

MISS May Patterson, LL.B., LL.M. (in cap and gown), began by being a stenographer, but soon decided she wanted to be a lawyer. Now she practises law, and in her leisure hours runs an employees' exchange for clerks and stenographers.

MR.S. Georgie Wellbrook (in center) is a dressmaker, but finding that this deprived her of all fresh air, attended an automobile school. Two years ago, she took out a license and now, with a permit from the mayor to wear men's clothes, runs a taxi for hire every night.



MR.S. Jean Parke (at left) is a magazine illustrator, who continually reclothed her models because their clothes never suited their individuality. Now she receives orders for costuming whole "movie" plays.

MISS Kirah Markham (at right) is one of the principals of "The Weavers" company, but gets more orders for portrait bas-reliefs than she can possibly fill.



CHARLOTTE (at left), now sixteen, is one of the best professional skaters in the world, but because she feels she ought to make some good use of her spare time, she gives innumerable music lessons. Since early childhood, she has shown remarkable musical talent. At the age of nine, she gave a public piano recital in Berlin, and has been a professional pianist for years.



PLY TWO TRADES

ALISSA FRANC



MRS. Jeanne Carpenter (above) is private secretary to the owner of a famous Fifth Avenue tailoring establishment, and has also completed the only comprehensive report ever published on Municipal Clean-Up Week, for the New York State Mayors' conference. Mrs. Carpenter was originally a court reporter, which gave her great interest in settlement and municipal work and sufficient knowledge for the research work she is doing.



MISS Eva Elise von Bauer (above) is editor of the woman's page of the New York Evening Sun, but because she still found herself with some superfluous energy, she opened a "mending" shop in the heart of New York's business district, and now has three women working in it. Miss von Bauer is of the opinion that it is essential for a journalist to have another occupation, for, from her daily work, she gets a superficial knowledge of many things and a thorough knowledge of none.

MISS Nell de Muth (at left) works daily in the statistical department of a Wall Street bank and, out of office hours, runs an attractive tea-room, in the vicinity of Wall Street, which has proved altogether successful. Miss de Muth finds no conflict between her two trades, each proving a rest from the other.

MISS Josephine A. Meyer (below) writes and illustrates magazine stories, and has just had her first book published. She is also one of the principal members of a theatrical company.



MISS Beatrice de Holthoir (at left) is a French disease—a disease being a person who puts into a poem the dramatic quality of a play. Besides coaching pupils in her art, she is writing scenarios for one of the big film corporations. An exceptionally talented child pupil once suggested to Miss de Holthoir an idea for a moving-picture story to be written around her small personality. This was immediately accepted, and Miss de Holthoir thus began her second profession, her first attempt at scenario writing having proved so successful that she was encouraged to continue in this field.



HER OWN FOLKS

By EVELINE NUTTER

Illustrated by ENOS B. COMSTOCK

DR. BROWN pushed the green shade back from his eyes, making his red hair bristle comically, but something in the way he cleared his throat caused Peggy to sit suddenly very straight and catch her breath with a gasp.

"Your eyes are in a much worse condition than you have suspected," he began. "You should have realized this long ago. You have abused them frightfully—there is nothing we oculists can do for you now."

"You don't mean," she faltered, "that I am going to be blind?"

"I do not think you will be blind for two or three years yet, if you are careful."

His voice sounded very tired, although he spoke with a forced cheerfulness.

"And you know there are a great many things blind people do nowadays, but if I were you"—he paused for a moment and smiled into the brown eyes that looked so large and bright through the thick lenses of her glasses—"if I were you I would go home to my own folks and raise flowers or chickens—anything you like. But always remember that anything you do that improves your general health will strengthen your eyes—to a certain extent."

Peggy struggled against a wild desire to cry out. She scarcely heard what he was saying.

"There is no need for you to come again," he finished.

He held the door open for her, and even walked with her through the outer office to the hall.

On the street-car, she gazed out without seeing anything, and tried not to think, but she found herself mumbling, "One return ticket to Concordia, Kansas, forty-seven dollars and thirty-five cents, and a diploma from the normal school—and never anything else in the world."

She was dazed. Peggy Scott blind! Oh, she could not believe it. And it would not matter to a single other soul.

SUDDENLY the conductor touched her shoulder. "Did you wish to get off at the home, Miss? This is the end of the line."

"The home?" Peggy asked, blankly.

Then, led by a sudden impulse, she walked quickly to the back of the car and swung down.

"What home?" she asked herself.

She saw a large, old-fashioned house, set well back from the street. A dozen little children were rolling and tumbling on the grass, in the shade of the huge, old trees, and a dark, angular woman in a stiff, white linen dress sat near them, darning tiny stockings, with swift, jerky stitches.

So it was an orphans' home. Peggy paused by the gate to watch the babies. The woman saw Peggy, rose abruptly, and came down the path to her.

"Are you the new assistant? Did Mr. Meecham send you?" Her tones were eager, cordial.

Peggy shook her head.

The woman heaved a sigh. "I shall certainly be distracted if he doesn't send one to-night," she continued.



THERE WAS A CHORUS OF SUBDUED GIGGLES AS REG STARTED FROM THE ROOM

She had just reseated herself and was threading her needle again, when Peggy stood before her.

"Please tell me about it?" she asked breathlessly. "Would I do for an assistant? Would I?"

The woman scrutinized Peggy.

"It is hard work and poor pay," she warned. "You look so young, too. You would have to take care of fourteen babies, from three to six years old. Did you ever do anything like that?"

"I've taught school," Peggy told her, "but my eyes have been bothering me and I can't teach any more. Oh, surely I could do the work. Can't you try me for a week or two, anyway?"

A look of determination came over the woman's face.

"Yes," she answered, firmly, "I can. Come in, while I do some 'phoning to the powers that be."

Half an hour later, Peggy Scott had been made Commander of the Infantry and was trying desperately to remember all the charges that her superior officer, the Matron, had given her.

YOU'LL have lots of fun feeding the babies their lunch to-day, Miss Scott," one of her small-girl helpers volunteered that first morning, while they were making the beds.

"Why? Won't they be hungry?"

"Do you like potatoes and tomatoes and mutton, all boiled together?" she inquired, with a sniff. "We have that every blessed Wednesday."

"But, Hilda, that won't be good for the babies at all."

"Oh, well, Mrs. O'Connor has enough work, cooking for forty-five children, besides you three ladies. She hasn't time to make pink ice-cream. No wonder she's cranky."

"Then we'll have to make believe, Hilda. Come on."

And Hilda was amazed to feel the new assistant seize her rough, bony little hand and rush with her downstairs and out into the yard, where the youngest children were investigating a stray kitten.

"Do you know the story about Brer Rabbit?" she called joyously.

At the magical word "story," they dropped the kitten and crowded around her. They still sat with eyes wide and glowing when the bell rang that warned them to wash for lunch. Peggy's cheeks were flushed and she was laughing with the children.

"And I'm glad to say," she finished, hugging the littlest boy, and kissing the back of his neck, "that to-day we are going to have Brer Rabbit Stew for lunch, and I know everybody will like it."

Peggy looked up just then, and her eyes met two cool, gray ones, and she saw that one of the older boys had been listening to her story. He was not shy, orphans' home boys never are, but his eyes had a wistful, love-hungry look that went straight to her heart. As Peggy passed him, she leaned over and whispered, taking him into her confidence:



SUDDENLY, HER FACE WENT DEATHLY WHITE, SHE WRENCHED HER HANDS FREE AND STOOD WITH ONE ARM FLUNG ACROSS HER EYES

"I'm only making believe, you know. It's going to be boiled mutton, the same as ever, but it will taste almost delicious, if we make believe hard enough."

As she spoke, one hand ran through his tangle of red-black hair and rumbled it. Mike stood there, until all the other children were in the house, still thrilled by the touch of her slim, soft hand.

PRETENDING is a delightful game, and also a very simple one, once one has learned how to play it. Peggy was an adept as an instructor, and the babies were not the only ones to play the game, for the older children took it up with a rush. In the Home there were rarely any boys and girls after that—they were soldiers or jungle people or brownies.

Peggy's days passed comfortably enough, but the nights were her bad time. Then her imagination would break loose and gallop away, dragging her along to the time when all her days would be darkest night, when she must grope her way through the weary years, never again to see the rosiness of the sunrise or the laughter in a little child's eyes. Sometimes she would slip out of bed, steal to the nursery window, and kneel there, looking up at the

stars until at last a feeling of calmness would lift the despair that had weighed her down.

"Dear Lord," she prayed one night, "if I had any folks of my own, perhaps I wouldn't care so much. There never has been anyone to love me much, since father died. As long as I could be doing things for people, it didn't seem to matter, but now—I can't stand it."

All at once she laughed—such a happy little chuckle it might have been one of the babies dreaming of Brer Rabbit.

"Make believe I have some own folks? Why, thank you, Lord," she murmured, "I might try that." Her tense nervous body relaxed, and turning over, with one hand tucked under her cheek, she was soon asleep, and still smiling.

The next morning, she awoke with the feeling that something very delightful was about to happen. Even when she remembered that she was only going to make believe some people for herself, she still felt so happy that she began to sing the instant she was out of her cold bath. Then, too, it was Tuesday and her day for a half holiday. As she ran up-stairs, with her last duty done, she passed Mike. That wistful look in his eyes suddenly made her pause. "Oh, great!" she exclaimed, catching him by the hand and pulling him back to the matron's office with her. "May Mike go with me this afternoon?" she demanded breathlessly, while Mike listened in astonishment.

THE matron smiled until her face was a mass of wrinkles. "By all means, do take Mike," she urged.

That afternoon was one long to be remembered by Mike, to say nothing of Peggy. Down in the city, they stopped long enough to purchase a lunch and then found a car that would take them almost to the country. Peggy's determination of the night before was still firm. Turning squarely to Mike, she said, "Would you mind if I make believe, this afternoon, that you are my brother?"

"I've been playing that for a week," he chuckled.

"Then, Mike, you must call me Peggy," she suggested.

"Aw, Peg, don't go and call your own brother Richard such a name as Mike."

"Richard, Richard," she repeated. "I have it—Dick!"

Mike nodded his approval.

"Dick," she went on, "twice a month we'll go off and have a grand time, but we'll never let a single soul know that I'm your sister."

"Sure not," agreed Mike. "That'd spoil everything."

After they left the car, they walked as far as they dared, planning to be home by dark. It wasn't real country, still there was a brook and a sort of tiny farmhouse, with a garden and some chickens and a cow. Here they bought some cool, sweet milk in a tin pail and spread their lunch on the grassy bank of the brook. There were ham sandwiches and peaches and cinnamon buns. They ate every crumb. As Mike drained the last drop of milk from the pail, he remarked in a tone of great content, "I'll take this pail back to the lady, and then we'd better hurry, Peg."

"Wait, Dick, I'm going with you."

The lady, in a neat blue calico dress, with her white hair brushed back from her placid, plump face, opened the door.

"The milk was delicious," Peggy told her. Then, with a quick smile at Mike, she went on. "My brother and I are coming out here again two weeks from to-day. Do you suppose you could give us our supper that evening? You see, we have to board, and some homey things would be such a treat."

"Bless your souls, children, I would love to."

As they crossed the brook again, Peggy gave a joyful shout.

"Wild mint!" and she began gathering it.

"What for?" he inquired, curiously.

"To make sauce to eat with that nasty mutton, tomorrow."

"Brer Rabbit Stew," he reminded her, teasingly.

When they reached home, just at the end of the long August dusk, all was confusion. The cellar had been left unlocked, the boys had discovered a box of green apples

and had eaten of them greedily. The result was what might have been expected, and even worse.

The doctor, a tall, clean-looking young man, with very blue eyes, strode up the steps just ahead of them, and they passed him in the hall. In her haste to see if her babies were among the suffering culprits, Peggy tossed her hat and bag and bunch of wild mint on a bench at the foot of the stairs, and ran up, two steps at a time.

But the babies, all in their beds, were wide awake. Some were sitting bolt upright, staring around with wondering eyes, others were whimpering in sympathy with the boys across the hall. Peggy gave one glance at the poor, scared little faces, slid back the partition that cut the nursery in two, and her voice rang out comfortably.

"I'm going to tell you one bedtime story—listen! A long, long time ago, Oberon, the King of all the fairies," she began.

With a sigh of content from each, the fourteen settled themselves to hear the tale.

"Now," she said, a few minutes later, "will you, Reginald, make believe you are Puck? If you will tiptoe, oh, so quietly, to the foot of the stairs, on the bench you will find some of the magic herb. Fetch it hither, Puck."

There was a chorus of subdued giggles, as Reg started from the room. At the foot of the stairs, he encountered Dr. McDonald.

"Why, hello! Sonny," the doctor addressed the small night-shirted figure. "Where are you going?"

"I'm not Sonny," Reg explained with dignity, reaching for the mint. "I'm Puck. The Make-Believer Lady sent me for this magic herb."

"Magic herb," repeated the doctor, leaning over to examine the bunch of mint, and laying hold of Puck. "Oh, I see."

"Yes, and when we eats it, we sleeps till morning bright," he volunteered, jerking away from the doctor, and bounding up-stairs, leaving the doctor standing with a sprig of mint in his hand.

And because he was a very young doctor, and because he had noticed the slim, brown-eyed Make-Believer Lady as she threw her things down on the bench, he slipped the little green sprig into his pocket and smiled, a very nice smile indeed, as he picked up the telephone receiver.

Just two weeks from the time that has, since then, been known at the Home as Green Apple Day, Peggy and Mike started on their second excursion to what they called, secretly, of course, the Mysterious Country.

"Could it be any more fun, Peggy, if we played that the nice old lady is our grandmother?" Mike suggested.

Peggy gave his hand a squeeze. "Richard," she cried, "I'm proud that you are my brother. That's the best idea we've had yet."

Just then, the car stopped and as it started on again, they saw Dr. McDonald coming toward them. He raised his hat, and gave them a whimsical smile.

ARE you two going off in search of magic herbs again?"

he inquired. "Oh, I haven't forgotten," he went on, as they exchanged looks of bewilderment. "Puck told me about the Make-Believer Lady."

Suddenly he threw back his head and laughed, showing his even, white teeth. "If I didn't have to hurry, there's nothing I'd like better than to stay and get acquainted with the Make-Believer Lady."

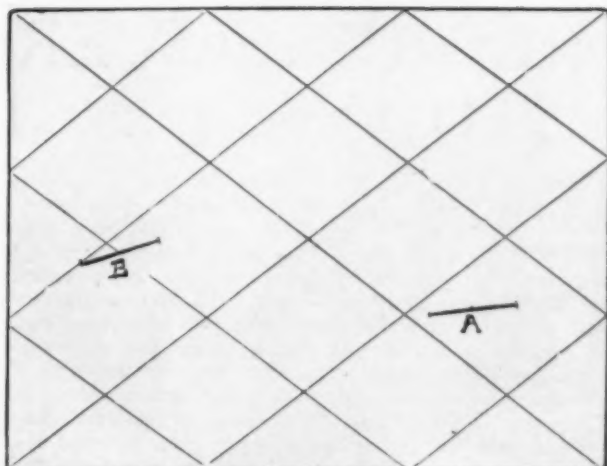
They both craned their necks to look after him, as he swung down the street.

"I'm going to call her Grandmother," Mike declared as they came within sight of the farmhouse. "I know she'd like it."

She was standing by the gate, watching for them, and Mike took off his cap and shouted, "We're here! Grandmother, we're here." The old lady's face was one radiant smile, and Mike turned triumphantly to Peggy.

The things they had for supper that night—the fried chicken, the dish of currant jelly glowing like the heart of

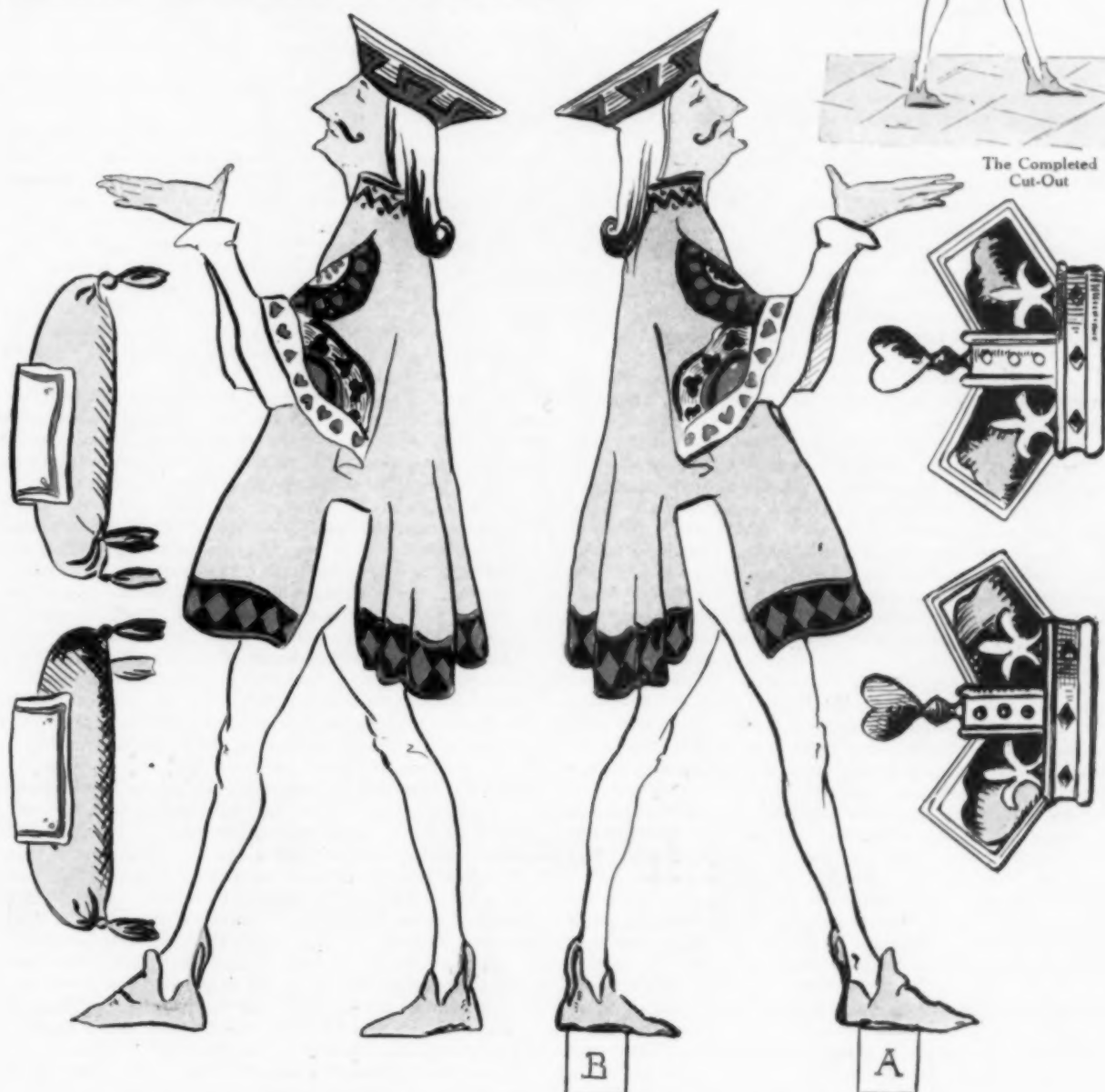
[Continued on page 78]



DIRECTIONS.—Paste one side of Knave's legs to an old post-card, up to his waistline or elbow. When dry, cut out around legs and glue right and left sides together. Do not paste hands together, but leave free to hold plush cushion. Mount standard to post-card. Slip flaps A and B into slits A and B, and paste back to under side. Now the Knave is ready to carry the King's crown. Paste crown together only along three sides, leaving bottom open to rest securely on cushion. The King will follow next month, so save the crown to slip on His Majesty's head, and be very careful to keep it for him in perfect condition.



The Completed Cut-Out



THE KNAVE OF HEARTS

AN ALICE-IN-WONDERLAND CUT-OUT

Designed by RAY DUMONT

TAKING THE CHILDREN OVER FOOL'S HILL

By VIRGINIA DALE

A FEW days ago, my next-door neighbor, who has been a lifelong friend and who has a daughter fourteen years old, burst into my living-room, unannounced. Terror and despair were stamped upon her colorless face. "Angela hid herself in her clothes-closet with the butcher knife and said she was going to kill herself!" she wailed. Angela was her beautiful fourteen-year-old daughter.

"What's the matter?" I gasped, amazed beyond belief that so dramatic a situation could happen in my friend's well-ordered household.

"Last night her father reproved her rather severely, because she is thinking more about having a good time than about studying her lessons! Oh, it is dreadful!" she moaned. "I thought she was going to be late for school, so I went up to her room. She wasn't there. I searched all over the upper floor without success. Then I found her back in a corner of her closet, standing rigid and white, with the knife clasped in her hand. I took the knife away from her—and now she's lying on her bed having hysterics! Margaret," she implored, "you are such a sensible person and you've always known just what to do with your own children—please tell me what to do! Hadn't I better send for her father and the doctor? Of course, she'll have to be punished; we can't let her get the upper hand of us this way. I don't believe she would ever have the courage to do—anything rash—but I can't be positive."

"I wouldn't punish her; I would begin this minute planning a scrumptious party for her!" I advised, unemotionally.

"A party!" my friend gasped. "Why, that would just be rewarding her for bad behavior! She would do the same thing over again every time she wanted to coerce us!"

"Now, see here, Helen," I soothed, pushing her down into an easy chair, "what happens after you've washed dishes and dusted and made beds and cooked three meals a day and darned stockings and struggled over the bills uninterruptedly for about three months? You get tired, don't you? You want to cry over nothing, and you get just the least bit snappy with the children and discontented with life; and about that time, Henry, being an understanding man, takes you off to the city to dine at a good restaurant, and to a theater afterward. And the next day you think the children are angels and your house is beautiful and you're positively eager to begin again on the humdrum routine. That's what's the matter with Angela, my dear. The monotony of school life has gotten on her nerves. Her vitality, which has accumulated without an adequate outlet, has exploded, like an over-filled boiler, and Angela's nerves are in fragments. Now that the pressure has been relieved, she is probably luxuriating in an orgy of morbid excitement—morbid excitement being the only kind she knows how to provide for herself. If you'll take my advice, you'll pick up the broken pieces the best you can now, and watch the steam-gage in the future."

HELEN went home tearful and apprehensive. Two hours later, I glanced toward the window of Angela's room and there, standing with arms entwined, were mother and daughter. Helen's face was calm and Angela's was radiant. She raised the window-sash impulsively. "Oh, Aunt Margaret," she shouted, "I'm going to have a party Friday evening!"

Since then, I have seen her flying in and out of the house on her way to and from school, girlishly happy in anticipation of this unusual event. Of course, she is so

busy planning games and "stunts" that she hasn't an instant to dwell upon the fancied wrongs of life. As a reward for faithful study during the week, her father and mother have promised her some sort of recreation every week end.

Angela's parents are not wealthy people, and we live in a small town where there is not much opportunity for social life and pleasures, but even with the meager resources at their command, they will be able to provide the necessary pleasure and the legitimate excitement that the mind and body of every girl and boy require at the age of puberty. There will be candy-pulls, charades, amateur theatricals, picnics, tramps, and occasional chaperoned excursions to moving-pictures and well-chosen plays. And the boys are not to be left out of these little, informal merry-makings, for, at fourteen, boys begin to play an important part in the average girl's life.

"This new plan is going to mean extra work for me and extra expense for Henry," Angela's mother confided to me, after thinking the problem over seriously, "but we realize now that the need is a real one and that we must supply it. Perhaps if Angela had not indulged in that terrifying fit of melancholy, we never should have realized that it is just as much our duty to provide a healthful atmosphere for her mind as it is to provide good food and correct clothing for her body. When she was five years old, I used almost to dread the time when she would be in her 'teens and begin to look after herself. I thought then that by the time she was fifteen, she would have assumed most of the responsibility of her own life and that there would be nothing left for me to do, but it seems to me now that my real responsibility has just begun. And," she added whimsically, "I am just beginning to want to go to bed early and coddle myself a bit."

IT is my conviction, after bringing up three children, that the experience is much like housekeeping. When the proper seasons arrive, we must can fruit and wash blankets and clean house and get out the winter underwear, whether we feel like doing it or not. And when the "silly season" comes for the children—oh dear!

And the "silly season" always comes. It is as inevitable as are measles and moustaches. Taking the children safely over "fool's hill," as our grandmothers called the adolescent period, is a trying ordeal, demanding of parents, and mothers in particular, all their wisdom and patience. And besides being a trying period for adults, it is a dangerous period for the child; a period that is, fortunately, rapidly becoming better understood and more intelligently directed. Science is taking the place of the family switch. Wise mothers nurse their adolescent children through this restless period as they would nurse a fever, knowing that each new caprice and morbid manifestation is the result of a change that is taking place within their bodies. Well-informed parents no longer sigh through sleepless nights, visualizing penitentiaries and rescue missions because their boys insist upon reading stories of murder and pillage and their girls are interested in every masculine object in sight. If they lie awake at all, it is probably for the purpose of devising ways and means of charting the courses of these rampant human streams which Nature is driving toward the great seas of manhood and womanhood.

Helen's experience with Angela has reminded me of a critical period in my own daughter's life. When Jennie was fifteen, she became infatuated with a high-school student of seventeen. Paul was a superb physical animal, with mediocre mentality, a father who drank to excess,



WHEN JENNIE WAS FIFTEEN, SHE BECAME INFATUATED WITH A HIGH-SCHOOL STUDENT OF SEVENTEEN

and a pretty, irresponsible mother. It was distressingly evident to Jack and me that whatever attraction the children possessed for each other was purely physical. Frankly, we were afraid of the consequences. People laugh at "puppy love," but I have always believed that it is the most dangerous kind of love. It is so blind, so ignorant, so uncontrollable. Finally, we decided that Jennie must discontinue the acquaintance. We told Paul, as kindly as we could, that all of Jennie's time must be devoted to school and study. We knew perfectly well that by the time she had finished high school, she would not so much as glance at Paul.

Jennie received our ultimatum tearfully, at first, as was to be expected; then her attitude changed to one of defiance. She began to spend more time than usual in her own room—always with the door closed. She returned from school fifteen or twenty minutes later than was necessary. She denied meeting Paul clandestinely, but she denied it with a toss of her head that said plainly, "But I will if I choose."

During this episode, Jennie's laundry-bag contained an amazing number of handkerchiefs. One morning, she was obliged to leave for school before making her bed, and I discovered, under her pillow, a tight little wad of tear-soaked linen. No wonder her cheeks were thin and pale! No wonder her lessons were falling off! Undoubtedly, she was crying herself to sleep every night, believing herself to be a broken-hearted woman confronted by the hopeless future of a blasted life!

That afternoon, I happened to stop at the post-office for stamps. My daughter, who should have been on her way home from school, was standing before the general-delivery window. The clerk handed her a letter. She turned away quickly without seeing me. I stepped behind a partition that separated the money-order and the general-delivery windows and saw her tear open the envelope, toss it into the waste-basket, and thrust the letter into her blouse. When she had gone, I picked the envelope out of

the waste-basket. It was addressed to Miss Mildred Southerland! The mystery of the closed door and the poor reports was solved. My daughter was reading and writing love-letters.

The next afternoon, before school was out, I marched to the post-office and asked for mail addressed to Southerland, grateful beyond words that we then lived in a city and were practically unknown. Jennie's letter was put into my hand. Without a single qualm of conscience, I read it at once. It dripped with sentimentality. In a white fury, I tore it to fine bits and flung it into the waste-basket. Then I went home and indulged in a good cry.

REALIZING that our plan was having the worst possible effect, my husband and I decided to try another plan, hoping so to divert Jennie's physical energy that it would dissipate itself in various safe channels, instead of forming into one devastating current. Above all, we wanted to change her mental attitude, to turn the prophylactic sunshine of happiness upon her morbid imagination.

You should have seen Jennie's face when we told her that we had changed our minds and that we would allow Paul to come to the house as often as she wished to have him, provided he stayed no later than nine o'clock. Instead of looking happy, she looked thwarted. It was not Paul she wanted after all; it was Romance—with a capital R. She had discovered that secret tears, hopeless repining, and hidden love-letters were far more interesting than just plain, every-day Paul, robbed of the romantic rôle of banished lover.

Of course we planned to be very much in evidence each evening and so to arrange matters that other young people would be dropping in frequently. While removing the ban, we had no intention of giving the two an opportunity for love-making. Then, too, we counted strongly upon that perversity of human nature which makes undesirable the things too easily possessed.

[Concluded on page 39]

SMART TRIMMINGS

LESSONS IN HOME MILLINERY—NUMBER XLIV

By EVELYN TOBEY, Director of the Millinery Department of Columbia University

THE sport hat is still holding its own and promises to stay until the snow flies. For early fall, sport hats are dyed in dark, rich colors and the trimmings are made of bright velvets and of wool yarns.

If you have a fiber hat left from the summer, you can dye, reshape, and retrim it. To dye a fiber hat, mix tube oil paint, such as artists use, with gasoline and paint with a brush over the hat. The popular colors are dark wine color, bottle green, nigger brown, and dark blue.

If your old hat has a flat brim, you can give it the new droop by sewing a piece of frame wire around the edge. To do this, cut the wire shorter than the brim's edge and allow for a three-inch lap. The shorter you make this wire, the more the hat will droop. After you have decided on the amount of droop you want, tie the ends of the lap of wire with tie-wire. Place the lap at the back of the hat and tack the front, back, left, and right points of this edge wire to the corresponding points on the edge of the brim. Sew with tight button-hole-stitches about one-half inch apart. To conceal this wire, you can trim the edge of the brim in several ways. One way (Fig. 2) is to make a long and a short blanket-stitch with wool yarn. The long stitch should be about one inch and the short one about half an inch deep.

AN attractive trimming that corresponds with this edge is crocheted flowers and leaves (Fig. 2).

You can make the large Poinet rose (See Editor's Note), or you can use small flowers and leaves in groups (Fig. 2). The small flowers are made by crocheting a single wheel. Make a small loop at the end of the yarn, and through this loop make a double-crochet-stitch, then a chain-stitch, then another double-crochet, continuing until you have a wheel consisting of about thirteen double-crochet and twelve chain-stitches. If your yarn is very fine, it will require more than thirteen of these double-crochet-stitches to make an easy, loose wheel. If the yarn is heavy, it will require fewer. It is best to decide by experiment the exact number of stitches to use.

To make a leaf (Fig. 2), make a single chain of seven stitches, then through each stitch of the chain make a double-crochet. After you have made seven of these stitches on one side of the chain, make four of them in the same stitch to form the apex of the leaf, then continue on the second side of the chain as on the first. Lay the ends of the leaves under the edges of the flowers when you are arranging them for the hat trimming.

This kind of edge and crown trimming is used very much for the floppy velvet hats. An attractive hat with this trimming (Fig. 2) is of dark wine color and the edge is stitched with bright king's blue. The flowers are crocheted of the blue, and a few of bright orange. The leaves are olive green.

Another method of finishing the edge of one of these hats is to bind with ribbon about one inch wide. You can sew this binding with tiny stitches or, after it has been well basted, you can stitch the edge on the machine. Velvet or silk ribbon may be used.

THE new appliqué and bead trimming (Fig. 3) is very effective when made of bright velvets. The design may be in one group (Fig. 3) or it may be arranged all around the side crown. If you want an original design, make paper patterns for the flowers and leaves, pin these around the crown, and judge the effect from a distance.

The large flowers are about three inches in diameter.

Cut a circle for each of these, then near the center of the circle, draw a one-half-inch, irregular figure for the center of the flower (Fig. 3). Make the outside edge of the circle irregular. Some of these flowers may be made two and one-quarter inches wide and three inches long, some only two inches wide. Do not make their shapes and edge lines too stiff and similar. The more informal they are, the more artistic the combination will be.

The leaves are about one and one-half inches wide and two inches long. They are triangular, with the sides curved.

[Concluded on page 33]



FIG. 1—PLUMES OF SEVERAL COLORS COMBINED



FIG. 2—WOOL TRIMMING IS QUITE THE THING FOR FALL



FIG. 3—THE NEW APPLIQUE AND BEAD TRIMMING IN BRIGHT COLORS



FIG. 4—OSTRICH TIPS USED IN A NOVEL WAY



FIG. 5—THE OSTRICH-PLUME EDGE NOW SO POPULAR

THE END OF THE SEASON IN TOWN

SOME SMART EVENTS OF THE SUMMER

By FLORENCE BURCHARD

THOSE New Yorkers who leave at the very first suggestion of heat should return for a week or two in mid-August to find how really comfortable one may be and remain in town the summer through.

Amusements of all kinds are right at hand and may be enjoyed with little exertion; there are the *thés dansants* at the Ritz, the Biltmore, and the other hotels which try so hard to amuse their patrons. Dainty Florence Walton dances every afternoon in the Cascade Room at the Biltmore, in her wonderful gowns, designed especially for her by Lucile and the other artists we all hear so much about. The most fascinating of her frocks is a Russian costume, very Russian indeed, barring fur and boots, for Miss Walton dances in ribbon-banded, low-heeled satin slippers; it is of net and lace, with ruffled, bouffant skirt, and a charming arrangement of drapery on the bodice and is completed by a most becoming, mysterious Russian head-dress. The summer shows, too, are interesting; and the roof gardens, and nearby seaside resorts, all have their charm. At night, one sleeps like a top, for after all, one's own, familiar surroundings are most comfortable.

The Long Islands resorts are within easy motoring distance; polo, golf, and the races, may be enjoyed, and one may meet the smartest people and see the smartest frocks, all within an hour's ride. Long Beach is still gay with pretty frocks, dainty hats, and parasols. Sports costumes predominate, and emerald green is one of the most popular colors. A touch of it appears on nearly every costume, in the girdle, on the hat, parasol, or in the sweater, which, in most costumes, takes the place of a coat.

THE Long Island race meets are to New York what Longchamps is to Paris, and this year, especially, have the races been well attended, as society folk were not able to go abroad. Although of the last word in chic, the very simplest of frocks and suits are worn to these meets.

Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt at Piping Rock the other day, wore a frock of the dainty printed fabrics. Her costume was completed by a smart, straight-brimmed hat, and an odd Japanese parasol; her young daughter, who was with her,



(ABOVE) DAINTY FROCK SEEN AT THE DEVON HORSE SHOW

(AT LEFT) MISS ANGELICA BROWN AT PIPING ROCK

wore a simple hat and one of the new velour coats. Miss Angelica Brown, who was also at Piping Rock, wore a straight-lined, smartly-cut suit of white tussah. The Chestnut Hill Horse Show, which was one of the smart events of the summer season, brought forth many effective costumes. In one interesting group, a trim, checked velour riding-habit and velour coat was worn by one of the spectators,



MRS. W. K. VANDERBILT AND DAUGHTER AT PIPING ROCK



THE CHESTNUT HILL HORSE SHOW AT CHESTNUT HILL, A SMART EVENT OF THE SUMMER

and a very unusual and chic sports skirt by another. Snapped at the Devon Horse Show, another smart event of the season, is a summer frock of an extremely dainty sheer material, with odd collar and sash, which illustrates very well the prevailing simplicity.

If one desires to see pretty frocks, it is not even necessary to leave Fifth Avenue, for the shops are as alluring as in mid-winter, and those who taboo town in summer are tempted to run in often for a day's shopping, dressed in a smart sports costume, or a trim taffeta or serge frock. The dark serge dress has been popular all summer; made with Georgette or taffeta sleeves, it is quite as cool as a light frock and of course, keeps fresh longer. Many pretty hats, too, are worn on the avenue these days. As a rule, they are simply trimmed with beads or with a motif of bright wool.

GETTING READY FOR SCHOOL

THE ACCESSORIES MAY MAKE OR MAR A COSTUME

By THE FASHION EDITOR

WHEN the school-girl returns to her studies this fall, she should, by all means, provide herself with one or two simple serge frocks, cut on the new, straight lines. A coat-frock, developed in serge, gabardine, a Poiret twill, or one of the novelty velours, will serve for early fall street wear. These coat dresses are cut in a number of ways, one of the most attractive being on the redingote order, with semi-fitted basque and full, gathered overskirt, opening in front over a satin or self-material underskirt. The side or box-pleated serge, falling straight from a deep shoulder yoke, belted or sashed loosely, is another effective model. These dresses take the place of the regulation

tailored skirt and coat; a bit later in the season, when there is a suggestion of frost in the air, one of the smart little shoulder capes, or a chic short jacket of the same material, may be added to the coat dress; or it may be completed by one of the long, loose, velours top coats, now so fashionable.

For class-room wear, the one-piece serge or gabardine frock, freshened by sheer Georgette or lawn collar and cuff sets, very straight and trim, and loosely belted, is an ideal design. One good model is made of a hard-finish men's-wear serge, with collar, cuffs and belt of the same material, over which are worn collar and cuffs of lawn (Fig. 3). The buttons are of bone. This is a model which may easily be made at home by the school-girl herself, as there is very little fitting necessary.

For afternoons and Sundays, the school-girl wears

trim, one-piece satin, taffeta, or poplin frocks, trimmed a bit more elaborately than the class-room frock, with buttons, braid, and embroidery in self-color or black. Several pretty models for this purpose are shown here in the fashion section; for instance No. 7346 on page 35 and No. 7194 on page 43, are charming little models and look well in the season's favored combinations of satin and serge, satin or taffeta and Georgette, or the novelty patterned silks which are so youthful and becoming.

The young girl's evening-dress should, first of all, be simple. Fashion this season favors simplicity, both for the young girl and the matron. The flowered taffetas are particularly appropriate for evening or dance dresses.

A suit of wool jersey in dark blue, brown, or green (Fig. 4) is practical for both school and outdoor wear. A blouse of one of the taffeta shirtings, batiste, voile, or madras, is appropriate to wear with such a suit.

In shoes, the broad-heeled walking-boot, in tan or black, is appropriate for the coat-dress or the tailored suit; the patent button boots, with contrasting tops (Fig. 1) may be worn with the afternoon frock. Slippers for evening are of satin or soft kid.

There is great leeway in neckwear this year. Almost any sort of collar, jabot, or set is possible. The matter of the hat is easily arranged; it may be one of the wide-brimmed sailor shapes, or it may be a small, tailored hat of hatters' plush or silk. It is advisable to include, also, a good sports hat in the wardrobe, of a softly colored velours, or a good fabric hat which will stand rough weather.

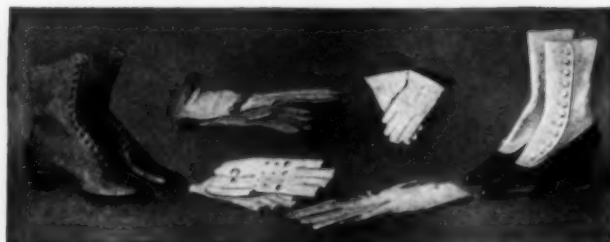


FIG. 1—CORRECT SHOES AND GLOVES: THE VENTILATED GLOVES ARE FOR GOLFING



FIG. 2—COLLARS AND CUFFS TO TONE UP DARK DRESSES



FIG. 3—ONE-PIECE CLASS-ROOM FROCK



FIG. 4—A NATTY SUIT APPROPRIATE FOR SCHOOL

McCall Patterns (with detailed directions for use) can be obtained from the nearest McCall Pattern Agency in your locality or may be ordered by mail by stating the number and size wanted and enclosing the price to the McCall Company, 236-246 West 37th Street, New York City; 418-424 So. Fifth Avenue, Chicago, Ill.; 140 Second Street, San Francisco, Cal.; 34-40 Chauncy Street, Boston, Mass.; 82 North Pryor Street, Atlanta, Ga.; 70 Bond Street, Toronto, Canada.



7325

7219



7329



7325



7219



7329

DAYTIME FROCKS FOR FALL FABRICS

For descriptions of models illustrated, see page 32

WIDE, CAPE-LIKE COLLARS ARE MODISH

Descriptions for page 31

NO. 7325, LADIES' DRESS IN ROUND OR INSTEP LENGTH. PATTERN IN 5 SIZES; 34 TO 42 BUST (15 cents).—Size 36, made in instep skirt length, requires $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards 44-inch material with $\frac{3}{8}$ yard 36-inch contrasting silk for collar. Dress is 3 yards wide. Duvet or one of the new twilled fabrics in the popular navy shade, would be most suitable for the development of this model. Broadcloth may be used for the collar. The cape and unique sleeve are two excellent features of this dress. It is suitable for afternoon or street wear.

NO. 7219, LADIES' DRESS WITH THREE-PIECE SKIRT IN 42- OR 38-INCH LENGTH. PATTERN IN 6 SIZES; 34 TO 44 BUST (15 cents).—Size 36, made in 38-inch skirt length, requires $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards 40-inch material, with $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards 27-inch contrasting for collar and vest, and $\frac{5}{8}$ yard 6 inches wide for trimming section. Dress is 3 yards wide. Pattern provides for skirt with ruffles and a hip-hoop skirt, which may be worn if fancied. This model is well suited to satin, the popular fabric for afternoon wear.

NO. 7329, LADIES' RUSSIAN DRESS IN 42- OR 38-INCH LENGTH. PATTERN IN 5 SIZES; 34 TO 42 BUST (15 cents).—Size 36, made in 38-inch skirt length, requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards 40-inch material and $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards 36-inch contrasting for lower skirt, band, sash, collar and cuffs. Dress is 3 yards wide. This is an exceedingly charming combination for afternoons or theater wear. It is a simple design, cut along lines suitable to the average woman. Georgette and satin, or serge and voile, may be used. These combinations of sheer and heavy materials are as much favored as they were earlier in the season.

Description for page 32

NO. 7223, LADIES' DRESS IN 42- OR 38-INCH LENGTH. PATTERN IN 8 SIZES; 34 TO 48 BUST (15 cents).—Size 36, made in 38-inch skirt length, requires $7\frac{1}{4}$ yards 40-inch material, with $\frac{3}{4}$ yard same width contrasting for collar and cuff facing. Dress is 3 yards wide. Dress is made with underbodice. The one-piece tunic may be pleated or gathered; it is worn over a one-piece foundation lengthened by a one-piece circular lower section. There are some daintily figured and flowered taffetas suitable for this dress. Plain satin or silk would be attractive with contrasting trimmings. Pattern offers possibility also for development of an evening frock using a combination of flouncing, Georgette and satin. The pointed overskirt and the cape are smart new features. A cap sleeve is shown in the evening adaptation.



7223



7223

Descriptions for page 33

NO. 7183, LADIES' WAIST. PATTERN IN 7 SIZES; 34 TO 46 BUST (15 cents).—Size 36 requires 3 yards 36-inch material with $6\frac{3}{8}$ yards lace edging. Pattern provides for long sleeves and waist with jabot. Contrasting materials may be used effectively with this model. Voile with fichu of Georgette, or net, makes up well in these simple waists.

NO. 7127, LADIES' THREE- OR FOUR-GORED SKIRT IN 42- OR 38-INCH LENGTH. PATTERN IN 8 SIZES; 22 TO 36 WAIST (15 cents).—Size 26, made in 38-inch skirt length, requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards 44-inch material, and $\frac{3}{4}$ yard 22-inch contrasting for pocket laps. Skirt is $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards wide. Skirt may be made with yoke-belt on four-gored skirt if one prefers. Suitable for business wear, or for the out-of-door girl.

NO. 7331, LADIES' WAIST. PATTERN IN 5 SIZES; 34 TO 42 BUST (15 cents).—Size 36 requires $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards 36-inch material with 2 yards 8-inch contrasting for frill. The new striped voiles are excellent for this model. Pattern provides for waist with jabot and collar. Batiste or net is suitable for frill.

NO. 7321, LADIES' TWO-PIECE SKIRT IN 42- OR 38-INCH LENGTH. PATTERN IN 7 SIZES; 22 TO 34 WAIST (15 cents).—Size 26, made in 38-inch skirt length, requires $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards 44-inch material. Skirt is $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards wide. Tweed and the novelty wool mixtures are favored for this style of skirt. The pockets are attractive.

NO. 7335, LADIES' WAIST. PATTERN IN 5 SIZES; 34 TO 42 BUST (15 cents).—Size 36 requires $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards 40-inch material. Pattern provides for waist with long sleeves, straight jabot and deep collar. Crêpe de Chine is a practical material as it may be tubbed easily. Two colors may be used if one wishes. A combination of materials would also be effective and modish.

NO. 7337, LADIES' SKIRT IN 42- OR 38-INCH LENGTH. PATTERN IN 5 SIZES; 22 TO 30 WAIST (15 cents).—Size 26, made in 38-inch length, requires $2\frac{5}{8}$ yards 44-inch material. Skirt is $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards wide. Skirt consists of two-piece yoke and lower section. The new side pockets are quite effective. Striped serge, novelty wool fabrics and homespun may be used. The separate skirt fills an important place in the fall and winter wardrobe. It may be fashioned of serge or gabardine, tweed or a novelty mixture for street and business wear, or of satin or taffeta for wear with costume blouses. The costume blouse combined with a suitable skirt, makes a practical afternoon costume.

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7183



7183-7127



7331-7321

7335-7337



7127



7331



7321



7335



7337

THE POCKET MEANS MUCH TO THE SKIRT

For descriptions of models illustrated, see page 32

ADVANCE MODELS FOR FALL



NO. 7057, LADIES' DRESS IN 38-INCH LENGTH. PATTERN IN 7 SIZES; 34 TO 46 BUST (15 cents).—Size 36 requires $6\frac{3}{4}$ yards 36-inch material and $\frac{3}{4}$ yard same width contrasting for collar and girdle. Dress is 3 yards wide. Skirt is one-piece. It is pleated at the top, has two deep tucks and a wide hem simulating a third tuck. This is a dress which may be appropriately worn for afternoons, for matinees and calling, fashioned of a suitable material, while developed in a thin wool, or other appropriate material, it would prove a most becoming business dress. Waist may be made with vest if preferred. Another style of sleeve is also provided in the pattern. It is an excellent model for early fall wear, developed in one of the soft silks or voiles. Taffeta is suitable, and a charming dress may be fashioned of satin in a favored shade.

COSTUME NOS. 7341-7323, medium size, in 38-inch length, requires $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards 50-inch serge and $\frac{1}{2}$ yard 36-inch silk. Dresses of serge cut along simple lines, using contrasting fabrics for collar and trimmings, are most desirable for general wear, on the street, in the business office, and at home.

NO. 7341, LADIES' WAIST. PATTERN IN 5 SIZES; 34 TO 42 BUST (15 cents).—Size 36 requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards 50-inch serge and $\frac{1}{2}$ yard 36-inch contrasting for collar. This design is suitable also for wash fabrics such as crêpe de Chine, voile, Georgette and lawn. Smaller view shows an attractive jabot effect which is particularly suited to these sheer materials. As illustrated in serge, a collar of broadcloth or silk may be used nicely.

NO. 7323, LADIES' YOKE SKIRT IN 42- OR 38-INCH LENGTH. PATTERN IN 7 SIZES; 22 TO 34 WAIST (15 cents).—Size 26, made in 38-inch length, requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards 44-inch material. Skirt is $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards wide. Skirt is made with a two-piece yoke and lower section, and is a splendid model for sports wear and for business. Navy is still popular this season. Rubber gray, Java, balsam and the various other shades of brown and green are favored.

NO. 7346, MISSES' DRESS WITH THREE-PIECE SKIRT IN TWO LENGTHS; SUITABLE FOR SMALL WOMEN. PATTERN IN 4 SIZES; 14 TO 20 YEARS (15 cents).—Size 16 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards 36-inch material, $\frac{1}{2}$ yard 40-inch Georgette for sleeves, and $\frac{3}{4}$ yard 36-inch contrasting for band collar. Dress is $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards wide. Skirt may be made with ruffles if fancied.

NO. 7354, GIRL'S DRESS WITH THREE-PIECE SKIRT. PATTERN IN 4 SIZES; 8 TO 14 YEARS (15 cents).—Size 12 requires $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards 54-inch serge and $\frac{1}{2}$ yard 36-inch silk. This is a practical dress for school wear. There are any number of shades of brown becoming to the miss.

NO. 7328, GIRL'S DRESS WITH STRAIGHT PLEATED SKIRT. PATTERN IN 5 SIZES; 4 TO 12 YEARS (15 cents).—Size 8 requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards 36-inch material with 1 yard 30-inch contrasting for collar, belt and cuffs. Pattern also provides for another style of collar and long sleeves if one wishes.

NO. 7333, LADIES' DRESS WITH FOUR-GORED SKIRT IN 42- OR 38-INCH LENGTH. PATTERN IN 5 SIZES; 34 TO 42 BUST (15 cents).—Size 36, made in 38-inch skirt length, requires $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards 44-inch material, $\frac{1}{4}$ yard 36-inch for collar facing, and $\frac{3}{8}$ yard 5-inch ribbon. Dress is $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards wide. The design embroidered on woolen or taffeta would be attractive. Transfer Design No. 379 is used (10 cents).





7346

7354

7328

7333
Transfer Design No. 379

MCCALL PATTERNS

FALL DESIGNS FOR WOMEN, MISSES AND JUNIORS

For other views and descriptions, see page 34



7035

McCALL PATTERNS



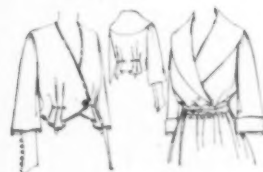
7359



7351-7213



7339-7356



7351



7035



7359



7339-7356



7213

COLLARS AND BELTS LEND NOVELTY TO SIMPLE FROCKS

For descriptions of designs illustrated, see page 38



NEW DESIGNS FOR SERGE AND TWEED

For descriptions of models illustrated, see page 38

THREE OF THE SEASON'S SMART BLOUSES

Descriptions for page 36

NO. 7035, LADIES' JUMPER DRESS WITH FIVE-GORED SKIRT IN 42- OR 38-INCH LENGTH. PATTERN IN 8 SIZES; 34 TO 48 BUST (15 cents).—Size 36, made in 38-inch skirt length, requires 5 yards 40-inch material, and 1½ yards 40-inch contrasting for gümpe. Dress is 3½ yards wide.

NO. 7359, LADIES' ONE-PIECE DRESS IN ROUND OR INSTEP LENGTH. PATTERN IN 6 SIZES; 34 TO 44 BUST (15 cents).—Size 36, made in instep length, requires 4 yards 44-inch material, and 1½ yards 20-inch silk. Dress is 3½ yards wide.

COSTUME NOS. 7351-7213, medium size, in 38-inch length, requires 6½ yards 36-inch silk, and 1 yard same width contrasting for collar, cuffs and girdle. A charming costume for afternoons.

NO. 7351, LADIES' WAIST. PATTERN IN 4 SIZES; 34 TO 40 BUST (15 cents).—Size 36 requires 2½ yards 30-inch material, with ¾ yard 36-inch contrasting for collar and sleeve facing.

NO. 7213, LADIES' SKIRT IN 42- OR 38-INCH LENGTH. PATTERN IN 8 SIZES; 22 TO 36 WAIST (15 cents).—Size 26, made in 38-inch length, requires 5¼ yards 36-inch material. Skirt, with circular lower section, is 3¾ yards wide. Tunic may be made in shorter length if preferred. The tunic, round, pointed or in apron-effect, is a much favored feature of soft silk frocks, taffetas and satins.

COSTUME NOS. 7339-7356, medium size, made in 38-inch skirt length, requires 4 yards 50-inch serge and ¾ yard 40-inch contrasting for collar and cuffs. This is an attractive design for satin, with contrasting silk or broadcloth for collar and cuffs.

NO. 7330, LADIES' WAIST. PATTERN IN 7 SIZES; 34 TO 46 BUST (15 cents).—Size 36 requires 1¾ yards 50-inch serge, and ¾ yard 40-inch contrasting. Round collar and short sleeves may be used if one fancies.

NO. 7356, LADIES' THREE-PIECE SKIRT WITH POCKET GORES IN 42- OR 38-INCH LENGTH. PATTERN IN 8 SIZES; 22 TO 36 WAIST (15 cents).—Size 26, made in 38-inch length, requires 3 yards 44-inch material. Skirt is 3¼ yards wide.



7277



7277

7243

7145



7145

Descriptions for page 37

COSTUME NOS. 7319-7038, medium size, in 38-inch length, requires 3¾ yards 45-inch material, 1½ yards 40-inch Georgette, ½ yard 36-inch for collar, ¾ yard ribbon.

NO. 7319, LADIES' JUMPER WAIST. PATTERN IN 7 SIZES; 34 TO 46 BUST (15 cents).—Size 36 requires 1½ yards 40-inch striped material, 1½ yards same width Georgette, ½ yard 36-inch contrasting for collar, and ¾ yard ribbon.

NO. 7038, LADIES' TWO-PIECE CIRCULAR SKIRT, IN 42- OR 38-INCH LENGTH. PATTERN IN 7 SIZES; 22 TO 34 WAIST (15 cents).—Size 26, made in 38-inch length, requires 2¾ yards 45-inch material. Skirt is 3 yards wide.

NO. 7357, LADIES' COAT SUIT, COAT IN 33- OR 38-INCH LENGTH. SKIRT IN 42- OR 38-INCH LENGTH. PATTERN IN 7 SIZES; 34 TO 46 BUST (15 cents).—Size 36, coat and skirt in 38-inch length, requires 5½ yards 54-inch material, with 1¾ yards 36-inch contrasting. Skirt is 3¼ yards wide.

NO. 6495, LADIES' SHIRTWAIST. PATTERN IN 8 SIZES; 32 TO 46 BUST (15 cents).—Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch material.

NO. 7353, LADIES' JUMPER DRESS WITH FOUR-GORED SKIRT IN ROUND OR INSTEP LENGTH. PATTERN IN 5 SIZES; 34 TO 42 BUST (15 cents).—Size 36, made in instep length, requires 2¾ yards 44-inch material. Dress is 3 yards wide.

COSTUME NOS. 7349-7327, medium size, made in 38-inch skirt length, requires 3 yards 54-inch material for skirt and jumper, 2 yards 36-inch for waist and girdle, ¾ yard 40-inch Georgette and ¼ yard 20-inch collar lining.

NO. 7349, LADIES' JUMPER WAIST. PATTERN IN 5 SIZES; 34 TO 42 BUST (15 cents).—Size 36 requires ¾ yard 54-inch serge, 2 yards 36-inch silk for waist and girdle, ¾ yard 40-inch Georgette for sleeve puffs, and ¼ yard 20-inch lining for collar. Transfer Design No. 481 is used (10 cents).

NO. 7327, LADIES' TWO-PIECE STRAIGHT SKIRT IN 42- OR 38-INCH LENGTH. PATTERN IN 5 SIZES; 22 TO 30 WAIST (15 cents).—Size 26, made in 38-inch length, requires 3½ yards 40-inch material. Skirt is 3 yards wide.

Descriptions for page 38

NO. 7277, LADIES' TWO-PIECE WAIST. PATTERN IN 5 SIZES; 34 TO 42 BUST (15 cents).—Size 36 requires 1¾ yards 40-inch material for waist, with ¾ yard 27-inch contrasting. Pattern provides for long sleeve also.

NO. 7145, LADIES' WAIST WITH UNDERBODY. 8 SIZES; 34 TO 48 BUST (15 cents).—Size 36 requires 1½ yards 45-inch material, with ¾ contrasting.

NO. 7243, LADIES' WAIST. PATTERN IN 7 SIZES; 34 TO 46 BUST (15 cents).—Size 36, 2½ yards 36-inch material, ¾ yard 20-inch contrasting.



7243



NEW LINES IN DANCE AND EVENING DRESSES

For descriptions of models illustrated, see page 40

PANEL DRESS FOR SERGE OR SATIN FABRICS

Descriptions for page 39

NO. 7365, LADIES' DRESS IN 42- OR 38-INCH LENGTH. PATTERN IN 5 SIZES; 34 TO 42 BUST (15 cents).—Size 36, made in 38-inch skirt length, requires $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards 36-inch material for tunic and overwaist, $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards $13\frac{3}{8}$ -inch flouncing and $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards 36-inch allover for underwaist. Circular lower section is 3 yards wide. Brocaded taffeta in one of the new flowered designs would be effective for evening wear, with a flouncing of net or lace. The low neck is particularly becoming and may be finished with dainty underwaist of net.

NO. 7361, LADIES' DRESS IN 42- OR 38-INCH LENGTH. PATTERN IN 5 SIZES; 34 TO 42 BUST (15 cents).—Size 36, made in 38-inch skirt length, requires $5\frac{3}{8}$ yards 40-inch material for skirt, waist and fichu, 2 yards 7-inch flouncing for sleeves, $7\frac{1}{4}$ yards $5\frac{1}{2}$ -inch flouncing for ruffles, and $\frac{1}{2}$ yard 18-inch allover for vest. Dress is 3 yards wide. Two-piece skirt may be made without ruffles if preferred. Pattern also provides for waist with long sleeves. The model as illustrated is most becoming to the average woman.

NO. 7363, LADIES' COAT IN TWO LENGTHS. PATTERN IN 3 SIZES; SMALL, 32 OR 34; MEDIUM, 36 OR 38; LARGE, 40 OR 42 BUST (15 cents).—Medium size requires $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards 40-inch material for coat, and $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards 36-inch contrasting for collar, cuffs and facings. Body and sleeve may be made in one, or sleeves may be set in. Pattern provides for another style of collar, and for pockets. This is an excellent model for evening wear, over dainty frocks.

COSTUME NOS. 7355-7358, medium size, made in 38-inch length, requires $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards 72-inch net, 2 yards 36-inch contrasting for bands and girdle, and $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards bead trimming. This model is suitable for white.

NO. 7355, LADIES' WAIST. PATTERN IN 5 SIZES; 34 TO 42 BUST (15 cents).—Size 36 requires 1 yard 72-inch net for waist, and $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards $2\frac{1}{2}$ -inch ribbon to trim. Pattern provides for waist with a sleeve, either short or long. It is suitable for evening wear developed in sheer fabrics. Net, Georgette, voile and satin may, any of them, be used effectively. One of the pastel shades in Georgette would be very effective. Satin or taffeta may be combined with voile.

NO. 7358, LADIES' SKIRT IN 42- OR 38-INCH LENGTH. PATTERN IN 5 SIZES; 22 TO 30 WAIST (15 cents).—Size 26, made in 38-inch length, requires $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards 72-inch net, and $10\frac{1}{8}$ yards $2\frac{1}{2}$ -inch ribbon. Skirt is $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards wide. Plain white net is very effective for evening wear, with a bit of contrasting trimming for tunics or flounce. The entire frock developed in gray would be attractive. The tunics are made of two squares of material of the required size and are extremely graceful and very becoming if developed in one of the airy fabrics for evening wear.



6779

NO. 6779, LADIES' PRINCESS OR RED-INGOTE DRESS IN ROUND OR INSTEP LENGTH. PATTERN IN 6 SIZES; 32 TO 42 BUST (15 cents).—Size 36, made in in-step length, requires $4\frac{5}{8}$ yards 36-inch material for dress, $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards 27-inch contrasting for panel and belt, and $\frac{3}{4}$ yard 30-inch for collar, vest and cuffs. Dress is $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards wide. A slightly out of date dress may be remodeled after this design, using contrasting silk or satin for panel and belt.



6779

Descriptions for page 41

NO. 7180, LADIES' DRESS WITH FOUR-GORED SKIRT; IN 42- OR 38-INCH LENGTH. PATTERN IN 8 SIZES; 34 TO 48 BUST (15 cents).—Size 36, made in 38-inch skirt length, requires $4\frac{3}{8}$ yards 44-inch material, with $\frac{7}{8}$ yard 20-inch silk. Dress is $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards wide. Pattern also provides for long sleeve. This model is suitable for serge, broadcloth, or any of the woolen fabrics, using a contrasting silk, or other appropriate material for collar and cuffs.

NO. 6517, LADIES' DRESS WITH FOUR-GORED SKIRT IN 42- OR 38-INCH LENGTH. PATTERN IN 8 SIZES; 32 TO 46 BUST (15 cents).—Size 36, made in 38-inch skirt length, requires $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards 40-inch material, with $\frac{1}{4}$ yard 36-inch contrasting for collar. Dress is 3 yards wide. This model is exceptionally neat for business wear and may be developed in serge, wool-poplin, alpaca, or one of the novelty checks and mixtures.

NO. 7279, LADIES' WAIST. PATTERN IN 7 SIZES; 34 TO 46 BUST (15 cents).—Size 36 requires 2 yards 40-inch material. Waist may be made without bands if preferred. Shorter sleeve is also attractive. Transfer Design No. 758 is used for embroidery (Price, 10 cents). White and a tinted voile would be pretty for this model.

NO. 7220, LADIES' TWO-PIECE SKIRT IN 42- OR 38-INCH LENGTH. PATTERN IN 6 SIZES; 22 TO 32 WAIST (15 cents).—Size 26, made in 38-inch length, requires $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards 44-inch material. Skirt is $2\frac{7}{8}$ yards wide. Striped mohair, linen, pongee, and some of the wool fabrics would be suitable for this design. Skirt may also be fashioned of serge for business wear, as it is an excellent model to wear with the shirtwaist.

COSTUME NOS. 7364-7193, medium size, made in 38-inch skirt length requires 5 yards 54-inch serge with $\frac{1}{2}$ yard 24-inch velvet for collar. This is a smart model for the coat suit. Men's wear blue serge is serviceable, both as to color and fabric. Gabardine, and the new twills are also practical.

NO. 7364, LADIES' COAT IN 29- OR 33-INCH LENGTH. PATTERN IN 7 SIZES; 34 TO 46 BUST (15 cents).—Size 36, as illustrated, requires $2\frac{5}{8}$ yards 54-inch serge, and $\frac{1}{2}$ yard 24-inch velvet.

NO. 7193, LADIES' THREE-PIECE SKIRT IN 42- OR 38-INCH LENGTH. PATTERN IN 7 SIZES; 22 TO 34 WAIST (15 cents).—Size 26, made in 38-inch skirt length, requires $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards 44-inch material. Skirt is $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards wide. This is a suitable model for wear with the shirtwaist or for suit wear with a costume blouse. May be worn with or without belt, as preferred. Tweed and the novelty mixtures are appropriate. Corduroy and serge are serviceable materials for business wear. The striped materials are attractive for separate skirt wear also.



COSTUMES FOR FALL STREET WEAR

For descriptions of models illustrated, see page 40



7350



6394



7344

7334

7350
6394

7334



6964

NO. 7350, MISSES' MIDDY BLOUSE; SUITABLE FOR SMALL WOMEN; IN TWO LENGTHS. PATTERN IN 3 SIZES; SMALL, 14 OR 15; MEDIUM, 16 OR 17; LARGE, 18 OR 20 YEARS (10 cents).—Size 16 requires 2½ yards 45-inch material for midddy, with 1¼ yards 18-inch contrasting.

NO. 6394, MISSES' ONE- OR TWO-PIECE CIRCULAR SKIRT; SUITABLE FOR SMALL WOMEN; IN TWO LENGTHS. PATTERN IN 4 SIZES; 14 TO 20 YEARS (15 cents).—Size 16 requires 2¼ yards 44-inch material. Skirt is 3 yards wide. Skirt may be made with yoke belt if fancied.

NO. 7334, MISSES' DRESS; SUITABLE FOR SMALL WOMEN; WITH TWO-PIECE STRAIGHT SKIRT IN TWO LENGTHS. PATTERN IN 4 SIZES; 14 TO 20 YEARS (15 cents).—Size 16 requires 3½ yards 44-inch material for dress, ½ yard 36-inch contrasting, and 1⅞ yards 27-inch for vest, cut cross-wise. Dress is 2⅝ yards wide.



6964

7344

NO. 7344, MISSES' COAT SUIT; THREE-PIECE SKIRT IN TWO LENGTHS (15 cents).—Size 16 requires 5¼ yards 44-inch material, ¾ yard 24-inch for collar. Skirt is 3 yards wide.

NO. 6964, MISSES' DRESS. PATTERN IN 4 SIZES; 14 TO 20 YEARS (15 cents).—Size 16 requires 3½ yards 45-inch material, and 2⅝ yards 36-inch contrasting. Dress is 2½ yards wide.



NO. 7332, MISSES' RUSSIAN DRESS IN TWO LENGTHS; SUITABLE FOR SMALL WOMEN. PATTERN IN 4 SIZES; 14 TO 20 YEARS (15 cents).—Size 16 requires $5\frac{3}{4}$ yards 40-inch material for dress, and $\frac{3}{4}$ yard 36-inch contrasting for collar, belt and cuffs. Dress is $25\frac{3}{4}$ yards wide. The one-piece foundation skirt is lengthened by a circular flounce.

NO. 7194, MISSES' DRESS IN TWO LENGTHS; SUITABLE FOR SMALL WOMEN; PATTERN IN 4 SIZES; 14 TO 20 YEARS (15 cents).—Size 16 requires $6\frac{3}{4}$ yards 40-inch material, and $\frac{1}{2}$ yard 36-inch contrasting. Dress is 2 yards wide, with a straight gathered skirt and wide or narrow ruffles.

NO. 7336, MISSES' DRESS IN TWO LENGTHS; SUITABLE FOR SMALL WOMEN. PATTERN IN 4 SIZES; 14 TO 20 YEARS (15 cents).—Size 16 requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards 48-inch material for lower skirt, collar, pockets and cuffs, and 2 yards 44-inch contrasting. Dress is 3 yards wide.

NO. 7326, MISSES' DRESS IN TWO LENGTHS; SUITABLE FOR SMALL WOMEN. PATTERN IN 4 SIZES; 14 TO 20 YEARS (15 cents).—Size 16 requires $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards 40-inch material. Dress is $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards wide. Skirt may be made full length, or with a tunic and one-piece foundation skirt lengthened by straight flounce. This is an excellent model for taffeta and the other soft silks favored this season. The design may be beaded or embroidered. Illustrated is a simple pretty way to finish a party frock. Transfer Design No. 744 is used (10 cents).

Transfer Design
No. 744



PLAY AND KINDERGARTEN FROCKS

NO. 7352, CHILD'S COAT. PATTERN IN 5 SIZES; 2 TO 10 YEARS (15 cents).—Size 4 requires $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards 54-inch material, with $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards 36-inch lining. Coat may be made without cape, and plain coat-sleeve and pockets are provided in the pattern. Velvet, duvetyne, broadcloth and flannel are suitable materials. Corduroy is attractive for these little coats, and for early fall wear a silk serge or bengaline would be excellent.

NO. 7082, GIRL'S JUMPER DRESS WITH GUIMPE AND STRAIGHT PLEATED SKIRT. PATTERN IN 5 SIZES; 6 TO 14 YEARS (15 cents).—Size 8 requires $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards 36-inch material, with $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards 40-inch contrasting for guimpe. For serviceable wear during the early fall, dress may be made of linen, or any of the tub fabrics. Light serge, alpaca, and the woolen novelties are excellent for this development also. Voiles and lawns are suitable for the guimpe.

NO. 7342, CHILD'S DRESS. PATTERN IN 5 SIZES; 2 TO 10 YEARS (15 cents).—Size 4 requires $2\frac{5}{8}$ yards 36-inch material. This design is splendid for a play dress for the little tot and would be practical fashioned of linen or cretonne.

NO. 7338, GIRL'S DRESS. PATTERN IN 5 SIZES; 4 TO 12 YEARS (15 cents).—Size 8 requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards 44-inch material, $\frac{3}{8}$ yard 20-inch silk for collar, and $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards braid. Short sleeves are also attractive. A serviceable dress for school may be made of serge with collar of white silk.

NO. 7128, GIRL'S JUMPER DRESS WITH GUIMPE AND WITH STRAIGHT GATHERED SKIRT. PATTERN IN 5 SIZES; 6 TO 14 YEARS (15 cents).—Size 10 requires 3 yards 36-inch checked material, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards same width contrasting for guimpe, and 5 yards braid. Pattern provides for tuck in skirt if preferred, and the attractive cape collar may be used if fancied.



7352



7082



7342



7338



7128



SCHOOL WEAR FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

NO. 6420, BOY'S SHIRT BLOUSE. PATTERN IN 6 SIZES; 4 TO 14 YEARS (10 cents).—Size 8 requires 2 yards 36-inch material. Pattern provides for blouse without yoke if fancied. The new shirtings may be used for this design, and linen and the mercerized cottons are also suitable.

NO. 6330, BOY'S KNICKERBOCKER TROUSERS. PATTERN IN 7 SIZES; 2 TO 14 YEARS (10 cents).—Size 8 requires 1½ yards 36-inch material. Tweed is suitable for this design and is serviceable for hard wear. Front or side closing may be used.

NO. 7318, BOY'S SUIT. PATTERN IN 3 SIZES; 2 TO 6 YEARS (15 cents).—Size 6 requires 1½ yards 27-inch striped material and 1½ yards 36-inch contrasting. Blouse is to be slipped on over the head.

NO. 7340, BOY'S RUSSIAN DRESS WITH BLOOMERS. PATTERN IN 3 SIZES; 1, 2 AND 3 YEARS (10 cents).—Size 3 requires 2¼ yards 36-inch material with 1 yard 20-inch contrasting for collar, belt and sleeve bands. Short sleeves and neck cut low without collar would also be attractive.

NO. 7184, GIRL'S DRESS WITH STRAIGHT PLEATED SKIRT. PATTERN IN 5 SIZES; 6 TO 14 YEARS (15 cents).—Size 10 requires 2½ yards 36-inch material for dress, and 1 yard 45-inch for guimpe. The long sleeve may be fancied. This is a neat model for the school girl. Serge and the new twilled fabrics in navy are suitable.

NO. 6512, BOY'S SUIT. PATTERN IN 4 SIZES; 2 TO 8 YEARS (15 cents).—Size 8 requires 2½ yards 44-inch material. Men's wear serge may be used for the development of this design.





SCHOOL AND PARTY WEAR FOR JUNIORS

NO. 7322, GIRL'S DRESS WITH TWO-PIECE SKIRT. PATTERN IN 5 SIZES; 6 TO 14 YEARS (15 cents).—Size 12 requires $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards 48-inch plaided material and 1 yard same width plain. One of the new plaided woolen novelty fabrics would be excellent for combining with plain serge for school wear. Alpaca is also suitable for heavy wear, and for early fall a combination of figured and plain pongee or linen is attractive. Partially worn frocks may be made over after this pattern into serviceable dresses for general wear and may be freshened up nicely with a set of white collar and cuffs. Serge and taffeta is a favored combination.

NO. 7212, GIRL'S DRESS. PATTERN IN 5 SIZES; 6 TO 14 YEARS (15 cents).—Size 12 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards 36-inch figured material, $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards 30-inch contrasting for bertha, and $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards ribbon for girdle. The straight gathered skirt may be made without straight flounce if one wishes. Pattern provides for puffed or long sleeve and for yoke. A pretty flowered voile is used for this frock. The bertha may be of contrasting material and the sleeves ribbon trimmed.

NO. 7348, GIRL'S COAT IN TWO LENGTHS. PATTERN IN 6 SIZES; 4 TO 14 YEARS (15 cents).—Size 12 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards 44-inch material, with $\frac{3}{8}$ yard 22-inch contrasting for collar, and 3 yards 36-inch lining. This model is extremely smart for school and general wear, to be worn over various frocks. There are some wonderful shades in wool velours which will be found becoming. The soft shades of gray and brown would blend with almost any dress fabric. Collar of flannel or broadcloth would be effective.

NO. 7324, GIRL'S DRESS WITH OR WITHOUT SUSPENDERS. PATTERN IN 4 SIZES; 8 TO 14 YEARS (15 cents).—Size 12 requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards 40-inch material for skirt and suspenders, and $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards 45-inch contrasting for waist. This design offers an excellent opportunity for making over garments. Serge or any of the woolen dress fabrics will combine nicely with flannel, satin or silk. Alpaca would be attractive as well as serviceable. For early fall a combination of colored linens would be practical. Blue serge with blouse of natural pongee and scarlet tie would be effective.



7322



7212



7348



7324



7345



7320



7330



7347



7343



7343

NO. 7330, LADIES' AND MISSES' APRON IN TWO LENGTHS. PATTERN IN 3 SIZES; SMALL, 32 OR 34; MEDIUM, 36 OR 38; LARGE, 40 OR 42 BUST (10 cents).—Medium size, in full length, requires $3\frac{7}{8}$ yards 44-inch material. Some of the figured wash fabrics are suitable for this design, making it attractive as well as serviceable. Contrasting materials may be used for trimming. Cretonne, Japanese and cotton crepe and percale are considerably favored for this style.

NO. 7345, LADIES' FANCY DRESS COSTUME. PATTERN IN 5 SIZES; 34 TO 42 BUST (15 cents).—Size 36, as illustrated, without train and panniers, requires 5 yards 36-inch material, $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards same width for fichu, $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards lace edging and $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards lace for sleeves. Skirt is $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards wide. Pattern consists of design for Martha Washington (Colonial with Court Train) and Shepherdess.

NO. 7320, MISSES' SACK APRON. PATTERN IN 3 SIZES; SMALL, 14 OR 15; MEDIUM, 16 OR 17; LARGE 18 OR 20 YEARS (10 cents).—Medium size requires $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards 36-inch material with $\frac{3}{8}$ yard 27-inch contrasting for collar and cuffs. Checked gingham and linen are practical materials for this style of apron which must be tubbed frequently.

NO. 7362, LADIES' AND MISSES' SCARFS AND CAPE COLLARS. PATTERN IN 1 SIZE; 32 TO 42 BUST (15 cents).—One size, suitable for any size, requires $\frac{3}{8}$ yard 54-inch material for plain scarf; $\frac{3}{8}$ yard 36-inch for plain cape collar, 1 yard 40-inch for pointed scarf, and $\frac{3}{4}$ yard 36-inch for cape collar with band. These cape collars and scarfs are suitable for street and evening wear fashioned of appropriate materials.



7362



7320



7330



7347



7360

NO. 7347, LADIES' EMPIRE KIMONO OR NEGLIGEE. PATTERN IN 3 SIZES; SMALL, 32 OR 34; MEDIUM, 36 OR 38; LARGE, 40 OR 42 BUST (15 cents).—Medium size requires $5\frac{3}{4}$ yards 36-inch material. Width, 3 yards. One of the figured cotton crêpes is suitable for this garment and plain white crêpe may be used for the collar if preferred.

NO. 7343, LADIES', MISSES' AND GIRLS' GRECIAN COSTUME IN FULL LENGTH OR SHORTER LENGTH. PATTERN IN 2 SIZES; SMALL, 8 TO 14 YEARS; LARGE, 34 TO 40 BUST; (15 cents).—Large size requires $6\frac{1}{4}$ yards 36-inch material. Plain white voile is suitable for this costume. It drapes well and hangs in soft folds.

NO. 7360, CHILDREN'S BONNETS. PATTERN IN 4 SIZES; 6 MONTHS TO 3 YEARS (10 cents).—Size 3 requires 1 yard 20-inch material for French bonnet and $\frac{1}{2}$ yard 27-inch for Dutch bonnet. Transfer Design No. 632 used for scallops on French bonnet (10 cents). Soft silks, voile, net and linen may be used for these bonnets and would be effective finished with insertion and edging. For winter wear these bonnets may be interlined with a thin sheet cotton or lamb's wool. Satin may be used for lining.

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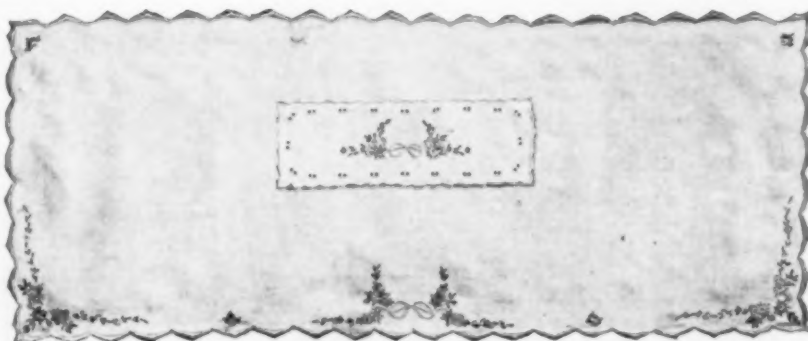
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SMART DECORATIVE DEVICES

By HELEN THOMAS



764—TRANSFER DESIGN FOR BUREAU SET, 10 CENTS

No. 764—Design for Bureau Set, very charming and easy to work in French knots, lazy-daisy- and satin-stitch. Color directions are provided with pattern. The Scarf is 18¼ inches wide, and 46½ or 32½ inches long. Pin-cushion-covers fit a 15- or 13-inch cushion. Price, 10 cents.

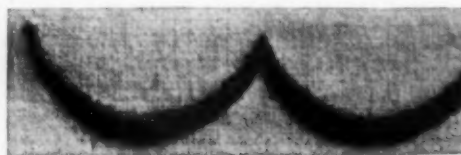


763—TRANSFER DESIGN FOR 8-INCH DOILIES, 10 CENTS

No. 763—Design for 8-inch Doilies.

This oddly shaped piece is very charming, and easy to embroider in French knots, or in satin- or lazy-daisy-stitch. It matches 22¾-inch Centerpiece, No. 761, and Doilies No. 762 (in 12- and 4¾-inch sizes). Pattern gives full color directions and 6 transfers. Price, 10 cents each for Nos. 761, 762 and 763.

No. 765—Scallop Design. Illustrated in actual size. Full embroidery directions given. Price, 10 cents.



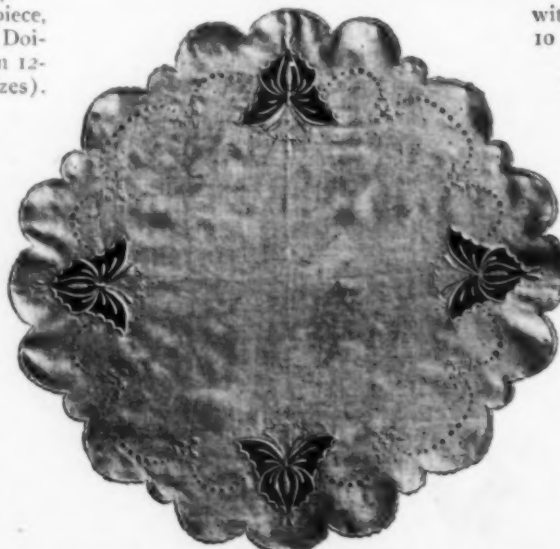
765—TRANSFER DESIGN FOR SCALLOPS, 10 CENTS

No. 768—Design for 36-inch Butterfly Centerpiece. This is a beautiful design for satin-, eyelet-, and outline-stitch. Full directions are given for basting net under butterflies, working through both linen and net, then cutting away linen, leaving embroidery on the net. Price, 10 cents.

No. 766—Design for Child's Sailor Collar and Cuffs, suitable for children of from 2 to 6 years. It is unusually dainty in buttonhole-, satin-, and eyelet-stitch. Directions given with pattern. Price, 10 cents.

No. 767—A very unique and practical design for Child's Gertrude Petticoat, suitable for children of from 2 to 5 years. This pattern may be made effective by working it in satin-, outline-, eyelet-, or buttonhole-stitch. Price, 10 cents.

[Con. on p. 50]



768—TRANSFER DESIGN FOR BUTTERFLY CENTERPIECE, 10 CENTS

NEW DESIGNS FOR OLD STITCHES

By GENEVIEVE STERLING



10576—JARDINIÈRE COVER

10572—Pillow Top.
The design for the August cover was so effective that we have had it made up in pillow form. Printed in the same colors, the effect is striking. Baby design worked in outline. Size 20 by 20 inches. Design stamped and tinted on white or tan crash, 25 cents. Back of pillow in same material, 15 cents extra. Sufficient embroidery cotton to work, 15 cents. Sufficient embroidery silk, 30 cents extra. Perforated pattern, 10 cents.



10575—BABY'S CAPE AND HOOD

10574—Baby's Bib for Cross-Stitch Design. This attractive pattern may be had stamped on piqué, huckaback, or linen-huck, including sufficient embroidery cotton to work, and Irish braid for edges, for 20 cents; perforated pattern, with stamping materials, 10 cents.



10572—PILLOW TOP

DESIGN STAMPED AND TINTED ON WHITE OR TAN CRASH IN SAME COLORS AS AUGUST COVER, FOR 25 CENTS FROM McALL CO.

10575—Baby's Cape and Hood Combined. To be worked in the lazy-daisy-stitch. Design stamped on white mercerized poplin, including sufficient embroidery cotton to work, 50 cents; including embroidery silk, 65 cents. Design stamped on cream-white cashmere or fine white linen, including sufficient embroidery cotton, 75 cents; same including sufficient embroidery silk, 85 cents. Sufficient lace for edges, 25 cents extra. Free for four 50-cent subscriptions.



10574—BABY'S BIB

provided for 25 cents extra. Perforated pattern, including stamping materials, may be had for 10 cents. The entire outfit will be sent free for three 50-cent subscriptions.

10573—Handkerchief Case in French knots and buttonhole. This extremely pretty and useful pattern-design is stamped on fine white linen, including embroidery cotton, 25 cents; including silk, 40 cents; perforated pattern, 10 cents.

[Concluded on page 50]



How Jones Got His Eyes Open

Jones* is an operator. He became nervous, couldn't sleep well—work began to worry him. He couldn't locate the trouble, and went away for a rest.

One morning, while breakfasting with a friend, Jones noticed his friend ordered **Postum**. Right then Jones got his eyes open!

He had been a coffee drinker. "I had no idea coffee was so harmful," Jones writes us. "I decided to drink **Postum**. The beneficial results since the change I can hardly believe or describe."

POSTUM

made of prime wheat, roasted with a bit of wholesome molasses, is brimful of the nourishing goodness of the grain. It is a delicious beverage, free from the troubles which often result from caffeine, the drug in coffee.

"Yours in better health," signs Jones. Thousands of others say so, too, who have changed from coffee to **Postum**.

"There's a Reason"

* Name and address given by Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich.



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and
"Growing Girl"
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There are two types of these models—the "Growing Girl" styles from twelve to sixteen and the "Debutante" from sixteen years on to the day when she selects her standard mature model from

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Up to \$5

Every Corset Guaranteed

The Warner Brothers Company
New York—Chicago—San Francisco

SMART DECORATIVE DEVICES

[Continued from page 48]



767—TRANSFER DESIGN FOR CHILD'S GERTRUDE PETTICOAT, 10 CENTS



766—TRANSFER DESIGN FOR CHILD'S SAILOR COLLAR AND CUFFS, 10 CENTS

Editor's Note.—Any McCall Kaumagraph Transfer Pattern may be obtained at McCall pattern agencies, or sent postpaid from The McCall Company on receipt of 10 cents. Stamped material is not supplied. Miss Thomas will answer any questions concerning the embroidering and the making-up of any of the transfer-design articles illustrated on pages 48 and 50. The

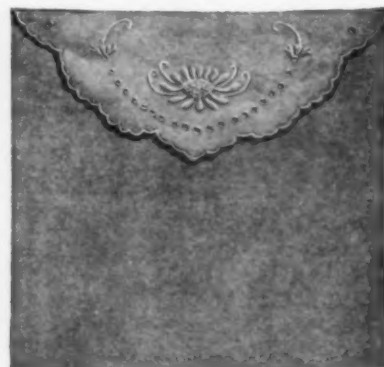
McCall's Book of Embroidery, which shows a large number of other designs, and explains the stitches used in them, may be obtained in U. S. with 1 free transfer pattern, 15 cents; by mail, 25 cents; in Canada, 20 cents; by mail, 30 cents.

NEW DESIGNS FOR OLD STITCHES

[Continued from page 49]



10577—ONE-PIECE CORSET COVER



10573—HANDKERCHIEF CASE

10576—Jardinière Cover. (See Lesson, page 51.) This design may be had stamped on 9- by 17-inch Aberdeen crash, including two skeins of heavy colored linen embroidery thread to work, for 25 cents; or stamped on 12- by 22-inch, with four skeins of same, for 35 cents. Perforated pattern, including stamping material, may be had for 10 cents. The ribbon is not supplied. The design is to be worked in what is called the rosebud-stitch.

Editor's Note.—Perforated pattern of any article on page 49, and of the two articles illustrated above, including stamping directions and preparation, may be obtained for 10 cents, from The McCall Co. Stamped material furnished. These patterns are not carried by Agencies. Miss Sterling will answer questions if stamped, self-addressed envelope is enclosed. New Fancy Work Book sent for 2-cent stamp. Postage prepaid on all articles.

THE ROSEBUD-STITCH

SIMPLE LESSONS IN EMBROIDERY—NO. 34

By GENEVIEVE STERLING

FOR our lesson this month we have chosen a combination of old stitches used in a brand new way, and applied on McCall's Jardinière-Cover, No. 10576. The background material of this novel pattern is tan crash. The centers of the flowers are in terra

cotta, worked in what is called the rosebud-stitch; the petals, worked in the lazy-daisy-stitch, are in blue; and the circles, as well as the eyelets and the diagonal stitches joining the fence, in terra cotta. The diagonal stitches, in turn, are caught down at the intersection of the lines by straight, little blue stitches, and the case is finished by blue buttonholing, outlined in the terra cotta.

To work the rosebud-stitch, first make a large French knot (Fig. 2) and right on top of this knot work a rather loose lazy-daisy-stitch. For those who have not made French knots or lazy-daisy-stitches before: hold the thread down with the thumb close to the spot where you first brought it out; twist it four times around the needle; then holding the thread taut, insert the point

of the needle close to where the thread comes out (Fig. 1) and draw the needle through at the place where the next stitch is to be. The next stitch is the lazy-daisy-stitch, which is made directly on top of the French knot, allowing the thread to fall easily on either side of the knot (Fig. 4). To work the lazy-daisy-stitch, proceed as you would for the chain-stitch. Holding the thread down close to where it comes out of the material, insert your needle again at the starting point, bringing it out just on the other side of the French knot, and inside the loop of thread just formed (Fig. 3). To finish the stitch, it is necessary to fasten the loop down by inserting the needle immediately on the outside of the loop, and bringing the point out in position for the next stitch, and so on to the end.



FIG. 1—STARTING THE FRENCH KNOT



FIG. 2—THE FRENCH KNOT COMPLETED



FIG. 3—STARTING THE LAZY-DAISY-STITCH



FIG. 4—THE ROSEBUD-STITCH COMPLETED

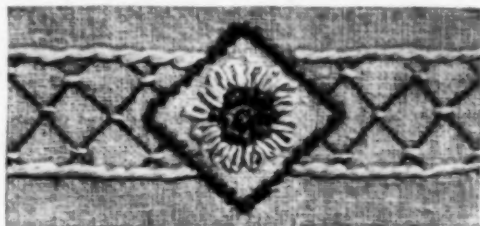


FIG. 5—DETAIL OF ROSEBUD-STITCHES ON McCALL JARDINIÈRE-COVER NO. 10576

When the cover is finished and ready for practical use, it is a wise plan to stiffen it with a pliable piece of cardboard; but if you should happen to have a piece of celluloid, asbestos or isinglass, you will find it more serviceable. Your embroidery will keep

cleaner also. To make a hanging receptacle out of the case, there is a simple way of crossing your ribbon at the bottom and then bringing it up on the inside, on either side of the case, to form loops by which to suspend your pot of flowers or vase of flowers.

In the South, it is popular to have a suspended vase at the door of each home, filled with wild-flowers to greet the traveler as he passes. The same idea is used, too, for interior-decoration in the North. Of course, the casing for such pots is a novel innovation, but one at once recognizes its value.

As a matter of fact, a jardinière-cover made in this manner is not only the very latest news in the embroidery world, but also a practical suggestion that makes it possible for you to use any ordinary red flower-pot, old tin can, or crockery of any kind, so long as it can hold flowers or a plant. The embroidered case transforms the ugliness of cheap pottery into something exquisitely harmonious and graceful and also affords an artistic adornment for decorating the room.

Editor's Note.—McCall's Jardinière-Cover, No. 10576, may be had with the design stamped on Aberdeen crash, 9 by 17 inches, including two skeins of colored

heavy embroidery thread, for 25 cents; on crash, 12 by 22 inches, with four skeins of embroidery thread, for 35 cents. Perforated pattern with stamping materials, 10 cents. Questions regarding the rosebud- or lazy-daisy-stitches or any of the articles illustrated on page 49 will be answered by Miss Sterling if a stamp is enclosed.

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This new lustrous silk (in all the fashionable tints and tones) is the only Taffeta silk in the world today treated by the CRAVENETTE FINISH.

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When answering ads. mention McCALL'S

CHILDREN AND FOOL'S HILL

[Continued from page 27]

The plan worked magically. There was no longer the need for secret letter-writing. Lessons began to improve. The shadows faded from beneath Jennie's eyes and, once more, she was her merry self. Occasionally, she displayed a hint of braggadocio; for did she not believe that by the agony of her grief she had forced her parents to surrender? We could afford to smile, however, for, much to our joy, Paul's affection seemed to lose something of its zest and Jennie soon manifested an increasing lack of interest in him.

Knowing that there is no more healthful exercise for the adolescent girl than swimming, we allowed Jennie to join a swimming-class. Then, in order that she might become acquainted with more desirable companions, we arranged dancing-lessons for her. As we knew that Paul could not afford to join the class, and therefore would be unable to accompany her, we hoped she would soon form the habit of enjoying social affairs without him.

That was the most difficult winter of my life. In order to provide these advantages for our daughter, it was necessary for us to economize rigidly. Her father did without the new overcoat he needed and I dispensed with the services of a weekly cleaning-woman. We realized that what might seem luxuries to the uninitiated were actual necessities at that time to insure Jennie's future happiness. Lest she should become selfish and consider sacrifice her due, we did not allow her to know just how much her pleasures were costing us.

As I look back upon that winter, it seems to me that I spent my days making cakes to be eaten by chattering groups at night and washing the aftermaths of candy-pulls from door-knobs and tables; and my nights gamboling about the house like an overgrown, tired, and disgusted kitten. But I would do the same thing over again, without counting the cost, for, by spring, Paul was simply "among those present" at these festivities, and by the middle of summer, he was not even present. Jennie finally married the Mayor's son, whom she had met at the dancing-class.

When Jennie was married, I felt that the most turbulent period of my motherhood lay behind me. After having lived for years in an atmosphere of courtship with its alternating moods of rapture and despair, the prospect of abiding in peace with two sane, unemotional sons, seemed the most desirable existence in the world. Alas! I reckoned without inexorable Mother Nature!

It seemed to me that I had barely gotten the confetti out of the house, when Stanley's voice began to change, and, co-

incident with this physical condition, he suddenly became devoutly religious. This fervor soon became fanatical. He determined to become a missionary. He insisted that he had been called to Africa. He talked Africa, he ate Africa, he slept Africa. Every penny of his spending-money went to the heathen in Africa. He ate just enough to keep him from starvation. He abhorred what he called the gluttony of his younger brother. He played and sang hymns. He meditated only upon holy things.

This state of affairs lasted for two awful years, and then, one morning, he walked into the house whistling a popular song. I could have wept for joy. I knew then that the pendulum had begun to swing in the other direction and that it would be only a question of time until the normal balance between body and mind would be established.

By the time our youngest son, Lester, was fourteen, we had learned not to attach too much significance to the various phases of adolescence, so that when we discovered that he had formed the pleasant habit of stealing out of his window and climbing down the rose-trellis so that he might meet "the gang," instead of sleeping innocently in his bed, we smiled confidently and began searching for the proper antidote. Evidently, he craved adventure. We planned, therefore, to trick his body by entralling his imagination with stories of adventure—lurid, hair-raising, blood-curdling adventure—knowing that youth is not squeamish and likes its emotions in allopathic doses. To satisfy the "gang spirit" that is usually one of the manifestations of adolescence, we suggested that he organize a club to meet in our garret two evenings a week. We supplied boxing-gloves, a punching-bag, and other similar athletic accessories. Thus, by applying counter-irritants, we were able to save Lester from what might have had serious mental and moral consequences.

In Jennie's last letter, she wrote: "Mother, dear, whatever shall I do when this baby girl of mine grows up and wants to do all the silly things I used to want to do—and did! Do tell me some cure for the heart-aches she is sure to have."

I sent her this prescription, which I told her to paste on the back of her medicine-closet door, beside the antidotes for poisons:

"Treatment for Romantic Fever in broken-hearted girls of tender age: Bind the wound with a saturated solution of sympathy, administer frequent internal applications of chocolate caramels, and apply matinee tickets, as required, to the affected parts. Do not shake."

STRUGGLES AND SONGS

HOW A MOTHER AND HER TWO DAUGHTERS ACHIEVED SUCCESS

By ONE OF THE DAUGHTERS

I WAS the youngest of five children, and even as a small child I felt in my heart that I had been wanted less than any of the others. Not that my mother was ever unkind—for indeed she was not; but that queer intuition which many children have made me uncomfortably sure that my coming into the world had not been a very joyous event to her.

As I grew older I could understand better why I had not been wanted. I learned that the oldest child had died after a very brief illness, just before I was expected to arrive. We were in very poor circumstances, and my mother was in very bad health, so I no longer wondered that my welcome had been somewhat strained.

My father belonged to an old Southern family, and he had inherited all the egotism, pride, and lack of practical ideas that were characteristic of many old-time Southerners. He went into the lumber business when I was about six years old, and was soon handling a considerable amount of money. Handling money does not necessarily mean taking care of one's family, and in our case there was very little left for home use. I continued to feel myself in the way until the summer I was ten years old, when my father whipped me for some trifle, one day, and my mother accused him, in my presence, of treating me cruelly. My father became angry, and cutting words passed between my parents. That night, after I had gone to bed supperless, I heard my mother's steps cross the room and stop beside the bed. She thought I was asleep, and she drew the cover over me and kissed me with little sobs. I realized then that, no matter how little I had been wanted as a baby, my mother loved me as a child, and from that night until now the world has seemed a brighter place to me.

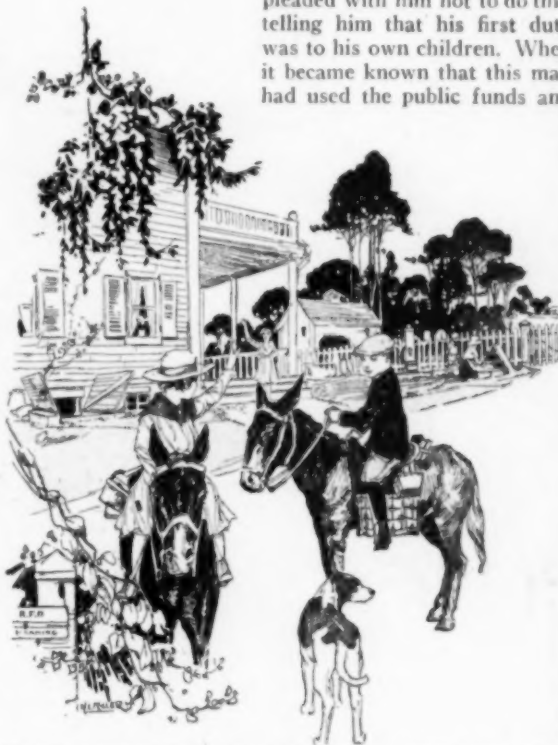
My oldest sister had been sent away to a school in a neighboring town three years before. There had been much skimping at home to give her this advantage, but we hoped she would teach and help to

educate the other children. The day after she graduated she ran away and married a man who could not do even as much for her as we had done for her at home. I re-

member that the whole family wept when the news came.

Some time before my sister's marriage, my father had indorsed the bond of a relative of his who held an important county office, and whose family would scarcely recognize ours. My mother had pleaded with him not to do this, telling him that his first duty was to his own children. When it became known that this man had used the public funds and

This story of the triumph of will and effort over seemingly insurmountable obstacles is the actual experience of the family of one of the best-known popular song writers in the country. To use her name would be a betrayal of confidence, but if it could be given, it would be recognized at once by thousands of readers who have become familiar with her songs during the last few years.



MY SISTER AND BROTHER RODE MULE-BACK TO A SCHOOL FIVE MILES AWAY, AND TAUGHT ME AT NIGHT

his bondsmen would have to replace them, I think my mother would gladly have given up the struggle had it not been for us children.

We had to mortgage our mill, our live stock—in fact, everything we had that

[Continued on page 55]



Crockery
and all
Earthen
Wares
cleaned
Quickly
Efficiently
Hygienically





"Goody, it's school-time again! That means **Hickory** Garter time, too.

"Aw, I don't want to go to school; but I like to wear **Hickory** Garters 'cause they're so comfy and strong."

These are the serviceable garters that are easy to attach and adjust, wear a long time and always hold the stockings neatly and securely.

A trial pair sent for 15c
State child's age



Patent rubber clasp saves darning
15c and up, per pair

A. Stein & Co.

Makers

PARIS GARTERS

321 W. Congress Street, Chicago

Rider AGENTS Wanted

1917 Model

in each town to ride and show a new 1917 model "RANGER" bicycle. Write for our special offer on a sample to introduce.

DELIVERED FREE on approval and 30 days' trial. Send for big free catalog and particulars of most marvelous offer ever made on a bicycle. You will be astonished at our low prices and remarkable terms.

94 STYLES, sizes and colors in Ranger bicycles. Most complete line in America. Other guaranteed models \$11.95, \$14.75 and \$17.60. A few good second-hand bicycles taken in trade, \$5 to \$8 to clear.

Tires, lamps, wheels, sundries, parts, and all bicycle supplies at half usual prices. Do not buy until you get our catalog and offers. Write Now.

MEAD CYCLE CO., DEPT. A-26, CHICAGO

When answering ads, mention McCALL'S

THE LITTLE GOLD GOD

[Continued from page 19]

tremendously attractive to these Spaniards. Not that Alice would not be fascinating anywhere, but I am trying to console myself that the reason I did not make a hit was because I am such a little gipsy.

THE "St. Michael" came in this morning and brought a funny passenger. Dad needed a new cook for the upper camp and sent word to Ensenada to have someone come to take the place of the man who was leaving. The steamer brought a little Chinaman by the name of Gee Wan. He is no taller than a pint jug, with the largest ears I ever saw, and a perpetual grin that stretches from ear to ear. If any human being ever accomplished such a thing, I should say that Gee Wan easily whispered in his own ear. He is supposed to be a very wonderful family cook, so Dad is sending our Jap to the upper camp and has installed Gee Wan in our kitchen.

This mail brought another letter from Jack Gordon—an absurd, impossible letter, entirely about that girl. And he expects me to tell him what is to be done about her. What would I advise? Would a nice girl keep him in torment this way, or would she end his suspense one way or the other?

I wanted to tell him that I am not running a correspondence-school for incompetent lovers! I have given him one sound piece of advice—to go and see her and have it out face to face. I sincerely hope he will go.

Alice and the Reeds left us on this steamer. The Reeds are joining some friends on a long trip to Japan. Charlie Richards, too, has gone. He came up to say good-by to me just before the steamer sailed. Dad was with him and Charlie was most polite and formal, but there was a glare in his eye that gave me the creeps.

To-night, after dinner, I started through the living-room to hunt up Dad in his office. I wanted to have a little talk with him. In the dusk of the living-room, he called me, and I found him sitting alone in the twilight in a big armchair. I climbed upon the arm of his chair and put my head against his as I used to do when I was a little bit of a girl, and he, bless him, seemed to understand that I just wanted to be quiet.

"Daddy," I said finally, "do you believe in love at first sight? Do you think it is apt to be permanent, or just a foolish fancy that wouldn't last long?"

He was silent a long time and then, when I insisted, he laughed softly.

"I hate to acknowledge it, Betty," he said, "but I am obliged to admit that I do believe in it. That is the way I fell in love with your mother."

I am afraid I groaned. As a comforter, Dad was beginning to fail me dismally. He leaned forward and pulled the chain on the lamp beside him. Then he tipped my chin and looked at me in astonishment.

"I—I was just inquiring," I faltered. "I have got such a lot to learn about the whole subject, you know."

"Betty," he began, still gazing at me in astonishment. I reached around behind me and put out the light.

"I liked it so much better in the dark, Daddy," I sobbed.

He stroked my hair in silence for a while.

"Couldn't you tell me about it, Betty-girl?"

But I couldn't. Not even him. I was all choked up.

He held me closer.

"Never mind, dear," he said, "I will tell you about it. Once upon a time, there was a little god of happiness who fell asleep at his post—"

I sat up straight. I was almost tempted to have the light on again, so that I might see his face.

"A little gold god, Daddy?" I interrupted in my surprise.

"Yes," he laughed, "a little gold god, if you like. His mistress was very impatient, because she never could wait for anything that she wanted, so she shook him and scolded him and argued with him, but he refused to attend to his business, and so the little lady drooped and pined and decided that life was not worth living any more. Then one day she had a wonderful idea—"

"Yes—" I gasped.

"Yes," said Daddy. "She came to a wonderful decision. She decided to forget that particular little god and do without him in her life, for a while at least. And in the new strength of her determination to look life in the face and get from it the very best it had to offer, she suddenly found that she had joined herself to a sweet sisterhood, and the motto on their banner was 'Service'—"

Then I began to understand. It was just one of the dear, old fairy-stories that Daddy used to tell us at night—the old stories in which he preached his creed of life to us, with the pills so sweetly sugar-coated that we never knew they were good medicine at all.

It was just what I needed—just what I needed to comfort me, and to wake me up, too, to a realization of how selfish I have been growing since those old nursery days, when Teddy and I made heroic baby sacrifices, just to see the light shine in Daddy's eyes afterwards. What a dear Daddy he has been!

(To be continued in the October McCALL'S)

STRUGGLES AND SONGS

[Continued from page 53]

would bring in a dollar, or a part of one—and the two years which followed were the hardest we have ever known. So limited were our resources that we finally decided to move to a little furnace town not far distant, in the hope of being able to make a few more dollars, and that we children might have the advantage of a better school. Disappointment overtook us again. On account of the low price of iron, the furnace closed down within a couple of months after we reached the town, and as the population dwindled, the school funds did also, and that summer the teacher from the old neighborhood was employed in the new one.

THE older girlathome was then sixteen, the one boy was fourteen, and I was twelve. That winter my sister and brother rode mule-back together to a school five miles away, and taught me at night.

In the spring a roomy old house and thirty acres of land on the outskirts of the town were offered for sale. Neither house nor land was in salable condition, so the price was much less than the real value of them. Seeing the possibilities of making a nice house of it some day, we decided to go still deeper into debt, and to let the price of our rent go toward paying for a home.

I shall never forget the day we moved into our new home. The rain fell in torrents, and when my mother, sister, and I reached the place on a wagon-load of household plunder, late in the afternoon, we had to wade through water three inches deep, to reach the door.

That night we would have presented a pitiable picture to an outsider. Everything was soaking wet, and as we unpacked, each face seemed to grow longer and more serious.

The next morning, Mother, Sister, and I went over the house. Every room was in a fearful condition. Only one had ever been papered, and the paper of that was hopelessly faded. The other rooms were roughly ceiled, with newspapers pasted here and there on the walls. We had not the money to buy even whitewash, so we sat down, as women will, and cried it out.

The spring was a quarter of a mile from the house, and my sister and I had either to carry the water in buckets, or to bring it in jugs hung across a mule's back.

The question of clothing became a serious one. We gathered from the woods the few wild herbs and roots which had a market value; and we also made hats of corn shucks which my sister trimmed daintily in cheap tulle, and sold to our more prosperous townspeople who wanted them for outing purposes. The hats brought one dollar each, and in this way we paid for what clothing we had that season.

My sister intended teaching a little rural school that summer, but she had a serious fall which kept her in bed all the summer. She was noted among her school-mates for her good essays, and to amuse her, I suggested that she write something for my mother and me to read. The scheme worked finely.

Often when I peeped into her room to see if she wished for anything, I would find her so interested in writing that she would not see me at all. One day I went into the room and found her propped up among her pillows, looking like a broken flower, but with a very faint little smile. She said: "Baby, I have written a little verse called 'Sunset'—it slipped out of my pencil." I read the little poem, and although she has written many other poems since, there has never been another that filled my heart with love for everybody as "Sunset" did.

WE showed the poem to Mother and she was confident that my sister had found her vocation in writing. The days were not so long to Sister after that, and her big eyes were not quite so wistful. She wrote some beautiful bits of verse, and I sold eggs and did a great many little things to pay for stamps with which to submit the verses to the magazines. They came back many times, but my mother's faith in them was great enough to encourage us to start them out again and again.

With the beginning of the following autumn, things began to look brighter. There was a good crop; we had plenty of

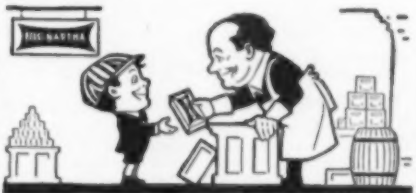
[Concluded on page 52]

What the Grocer Did for Johnny's Mother



This is a picture of Johnny running to the store.

"Oh Johnny," called his mother, "hurry and run to the store for a cake of soap. I've used every bit and my wash is not half done. You can get your lunch when you come back." "What kind of soap?" asked Johnny. "Oh any kind will do," said his mother.



This is a picture of a wise storekeeper.

"Hullo, young man," said the grocer. "You want some soap? Mother say what kind? Well, then, I'm going to send her the kind my wife uses—Fels-Naptha. She won't have any other—says it's the greatest soap made and that it cuts her work in half. Tell your mother to read the directions on the Red and Green wrapper."



This is a picture of Johnny's mother doing her washing the different, easy, Fels-Naptha way.

"I never used this soap before," said Johnny's Mother, to Johnny's Father that evening. "But it certainly is fine! It took me all morning to do half my washing, but it only took a little over an hour to finish it after I got Fels-Naptha Soap to work on it. I just soaked the clothes 30 minutes," continued Johnny's Mother, "and when I came to wash them the dirt rolled right out without any hard rubbing or boiling. It's quick and it's easy to do your work with that kind of soap. I'll never be without it."

Fels-Naptha is the perfect combination of soap, with that wonderful cleanser—naptha. It really does all your work for you and saves you time and strength. Washes clothes perfectly, easily and quickly without hard rubbing or boiling. It's just as good for all kinds of soap-and-water housework.

"Fels-Naptha"
The Original Naptha Soap



Fels & Co., Philadelphia

Learn Dressmaking and Millinery at Home in Spare Time



The clothes problem has been solved! By a new wonderfully simple and practical easy-lesson method, you can now learn right at home in spare time to make all your own and your children's clothes. You can save half or more of what you are now spending or have twice, yes, three times as many dresses and hats for what your clothes now cost you.

Or you can prepare yourself to go into business. The demand for dressmakers and milliners is greater than the supply. Hundreds are making \$25 to \$75 a week. This new opportunity is made possible through the home-study Courses in Sewing, Dressmaking and Millinery now offered by the

WOMAN'S INSTITUTE of Domestic Arts and Sciences, Inc.

In city, town and country all over America hundreds of women are right now easily and quickly learning every phase of dressmaking and millinery through these Courses.

In dressmaking you learn by simple, fascinating methods how to draft perfect fitting patterns, how to use tissue patterns, how to design, plan and make garments of every kind—waists, skirts, dresses, suits, coats, lingerie, children's and infants' clothes, how to buy and use materials; how to renovate and remodel; how to copy dresses and suits you see on the street, in the shops or pictured in fashion magazines, how to do all kinds of embroidery and fancy work; how to dress in style and taste.

In millinery, how to design and trim hats, construct and alter shapes, make all kinds of ribbon flowers and bows. These are but suggestions.

You study at home in spare time and apply each lesson immediately in making your own clothes. You have the personal help by mail of expert teachers with years of experience as successful practical dressmakers and milliners.

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☐ Professional Dressmaking ☐ Professional Millinery

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"I Defy Wrinkles"

You, too, can have a clear, fresh, youthful complexion every morning.

NO MASSAGE NEEDED

Malvina Cream works overnight with Nature. Apply at bedtime and wash off next morning.

42 Years As A Toilet Necessity
Established 1874

Takes sting out of sunburn, quickly removes tan, heals chapped hands, restores flabby muscles, prevents pimples, freckles, sallow skin.

Ichthyol Soap, 25c Malvina Cream, 50c
Malvina Lotion, 50c

All druggists; or sent postpaid on receipt of price. Send for testimonials.

PROF. L. HUBERT, Toledo, Ohio

EARLY FALL STREET-FROCK

LESSON 67—THE HOME DRESSMAKER

By MARGARET WHITNEY

It is quite time to be thinking of the fall wardrobe, especially with those of us who make our own clothes. The one-piece dress has held so many possibilities for us since it was first introduced that I am sure we are all happy to know that it is to be more popular than ever this fall and winter. Because it may be worn without a coat the first early fall days, and is suitable for the business woman and the college girl, I have selected for the lesson this month

one of the new one-piece models, a trim serge, made with the new, becoming white broadcloth collar and cuffs, and a touch of cartridge pleating on the pockets. It is suited to serge, broadcloth, one of the new checked velours, or a heavy satin.

The pattern, No. 7359, as illustrated, requires for size 36, 3¾ yards of 50-inch serge, with ½ yard of 54-inch broadcloth. Dress is cut in 6 sizes, 34- to 44-inch bust measure. Price of pattern, 15 cents.

TO CUT.—As front and back portions of dress are in one piece from shoulder to hem, it is a very easy design to cut, if directions given on pattern-envelope are followed as to the straight of the material and the fold.

TO MAKE DRESS.—Baste up shoulder- and underarm-seams with notches matching, lap fronts with large circle-perforations meeting, pin together and try garment on. Mark any necessary alteration carefully. When alterations and necessary changes have been made satisfactorily, stitch the seams. For heavy materials such as broadcloth, velours, or serge, the most practical seam-finish is to press seams open, and then scallop and bind the edges with bias taffeta or silk seam-binding. The fronts are turned in on the line of small circle-perforations,

and the edges bound or turned in, pressed flat and stitched. The dress, as illustrated, buttons straight down the front from neck to hem. There are other ways of closing such a frock. The right front may be turned in, lapped over the left, and the fronts stitched together, allowing a sufficient opening for putting the dress on over the head. When this method is used, novelty-buttons, or satin-covered buttons, to match those on the upper portion of

the frock may be sewed on to the dress as far down as the top of the hem, and the upper portion closed in any way preferred. If one finds buttonholes a difficult matter, patent fasteners may be used for closing and the buttons applied merely for trimming.

THE SLEEVES.—In the frock illustrated, an over- and under-sleeve are used. For the top of the under-sleeve, net, thin muslin or cambric may be used. The pattern of the plain sleeve is cut off at the line of double circle-perforations and the upper part is used with the fitted cuff for the under-sleeve. The cuff is made of broadcloth to correspond with the collar. Join cuffs with notches matching, press seams open, scallop and bind, or pink the edges; pinking is practical for cloth; it consists merely of notching the edges.

Seam upper-edge of cuff to lower-edge of under-sleeve portion with seams meeting and edges even. Face opening at back and lower edges of cuffs with a bias strip of white satin or taffeta, seaming it on with right side to right side, and folding it back on inside of sleeve. The free edges of the facing are turned in, pressed flat, and hemmed down lightly by hand. The back of the cuffs may be closed with buttons and loops as illustrated, or with

[Continued on page 59]



THE FINISHED FROCK, SHOWING CARTRIDGE PLEATING

For More Than Sixteen Years a World's Star Representative

MRS. Lucy Demo of Michigan (and twenty-eight other women) have continually made money for more than sixteen years, selling World's Star Hosiery and Underwear to their friends and neighbors. They had a vital need for more money—to help support a family—to pay off a mortgage or buy a home—to educate their children—to pay doctor's bills or to tide over hard times. They met this condition by becoming our representatives in their home towns. We have helped

More Than 11,000 Women

to make a substantial income for themselves during the past sixteen years and each year this number is increased by the thousands.

They have founded growing and prosperous businesses and each month sees them making more money.

By our help one mother of two small children is banking \$50 each month after paying all expenses.

Two sisters, over fifty, with no business training save ours, bought and paid for a home and ten-acre chicken farm in three years.

An ex-school teacher makes \$1800 a year. Ten church workers together made enough money to pay off the mortgage. Two California women are making a weekly average of \$50 apiece year after year.

World's Star Hosiery and Klean-Knit Underwear

SELL World's Star Hosiery and Klean-Knit Underwear in your home town. No previous experience is necessary. We show you how to make money in an easy, congenial and profitable way. We sell direct from the mill to the home through our local representatives and our lines of hosiery and underwear for men, women and children are famous the world over. Our advertising makes sales easy—the quality holds the trade.

Write us Today for Full Information

We will be glad to send you our beautiful colored catalog describing our complete line, and show you how easy it is to become a World's Star money-maker. Write us today! Don't wait! We protect our representatives in their territory, and if you delay someone else may get ahead of you.

Prompt deliveries—Protected Territory—We Pay Transportation Charges.

We have been in business here for twenty-two years.



WORLD'S STAR KNITTING CO.

DEPT. 47, BAY CITY, MICH.

"We are advertised by our loving friends"

Prepare baby's food according to the Mellin's Food Method of Milk Modification



Harvey J. Hayes, Jr.
Pasadena, Calif.



Lamarine S. Winzenried
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Albert R. Nicholson 3rd
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Kornlet

Makes delicious soup, fritters, muffins
and many other tempting dishes.
Write for recipe folder.

The Haserot Canneries Co., Cleveland, Ohio

TRY A BOTTLE OF
POMPEIAN
OLIVE OIL
SALAD DRESSING
A MAYONNAISE OF
SURPASSING DELICIOUSNESS
AT ALL GROCERS

STRUGGLES AND SONGS

[Continued from page 55]

dried and canned beans, and I had filled every fruit jar, jelly-glass, pickle-bottle, and everything else on the place that would hold fruit. Sister was able to be up again, and one day a letter came from a magazine, with a check for four dollars. A little poem called "Fruition" had been accepted. There could never be another check that would look quite as large as that one did to our entire family. We planned a thousand things to do with the four dollars, and finally we decided to paper one of the lower rooms and use it as a sitting-room.

My sister, brother, and I studied at home during the winter months, and Sister kept on writing verses and getting one accepted now and then—often enough to keep her encouraged. Once she sold three at one time to one magazine, and received a check for fifteen dollars for them. We celebrated the event by having fried chicken and sponge cake for supper that evening.

The following March our little town began to stir with new life. Iron had gone up in value, the furnace was in operation again, and people flocked to the town daily. We made our ugly rooms as neat as possible and filled them with boarders. Father started his mill again, and sawed all the lumber used by the furnace company, which was a considerable amount; and with that and the money saved from the farm and our boarders, we were able to pay off the last of the mortgage that summer.

WE hired a colored girl to help with the work, and I went to the public school. Brother had laid off a big lawn early that spring, and plowed and sowed it in grass. We had woven some rag carpets for the lower floor, bought some cheap white curtains and a few chairs, and planned for better things later on.

The next November Sister went to the city for the first time, and while there she saw a performance of minstrels, and was

greatly impressed by the popular songs they sang. She brought home copies of a few of the songs and confided to Mother and me that she believed she could write the words for a song on the same order. I read the songs over almost prayerfully, and I felt very uneasy, but Mother read them and said there was no doubt in her mind that Sister could write something even better than they were. Her opinion convinced Sister and me, and Sister went to work very earnestly on the words for a song.

Her first effort brought an offer of twenty-five dollars from a New York publishing house. She refused the offer, however, acting on the advice of a friend

who professed to know about such things, and it was some time before another such opening came. Finally, however, an offer of fifty dollars came. This seemed to us a small fortune.

WE used the first song money in the same way that we had used that which came from the sale of the first poem. We bought wallpaper and finished the whole of the lower floor in soft green walls and

cream ceilings, to match the first room we had papered.

That was four years ago. Since then we have beautified our home until we have one of the prettiest places in the neighborhood. My father has sold the mill and bought more land, and my brother is considered the best farmer in our county. Sister has a handsome income from her songs, which she still divides with our mother and me, as in her amateur days. I have studied music and developed a voice, and since I have had some leisure I have found many little ways in which I can use my pen profitably. The joys and sorrows we have shared have drawn my mother, sister and me very close together, and I trust that my little story of our struggles will help some other mother and daughters, who are striving to reach the place which should belong to them.



WE BROUGHT WATER FROM THE SPRING, A QUARTER OF A MILE AWAY, IN JUGS HUNG ACROSS A MULE'S BACK

EARLY FALL STREET-FROCK

[Continued from page 56]

patent fasteners, using the buttons merely for trimming.

OVER-SLEEVES.—Join the over-sleeves with notches matching. Face lower edges with bias satin or taffeta, in the same color as the material, seaming it on from the right side, turning in the free edges, pressing down and hemming neatly by hand.

The over-sleeves are adjusted over the under-sleeves, and basted together with notches meeting.

Set sleeves into armholes with double notches meeting single notches in top of sleeves at shoulder seams, and edges even.



THE MILITARY COLLAR AND A POSSIBLE SLEEVE VARIATION

Extra fulness must be eased in. Baste sleeves in and try on. When properly adjusted, stitch seams. Seams may be pressed open, scalloped, and edges bound with bias taffeta or seam binding.

COLLAR.—This is one of the new deep square collars which are so effective on these simple frocks. A picot-edge makes a pretty finish for broadcloth, and does away with the necessity of lining or facing the collar. As illustrated, however, the collar is lined with a thin taffeta.

Adjust collar to neck-edge of dress with notches meeting, center-back at center-back of dress, and ends meeting in center-front. Join with the seam, when stitching collar to dress, a bias strip of the silk used to line the collar, or a strip of satin or taffeta about a half-inch wide, placing it with right side to right side of collar. After stitching, turn in the free edge of this strip and hem it down to cover the seam, catching it lightly by hand.

THE POCKETS.—These pockets are stitched on from the under side of the dress. Slash dress along the line of crosses perforated in the pattern. Bind the openings with a narrow bias strip of satin, taffeta, or the material of the dress, seaming it on from the right side, pressing it back, and hemming it down neatly on the inside of the dress. Bind edges of

[Concluded on page 70]

Make Good Things Energizing

Pancakes

Why not make pancakes energizing, by using Quaker Oats? They will then supply folks phosphorus and lecithin, so needed and so rare.

Folks will like them just as well—perhaps better than without oats. And they'll get a good which other pancakes lack.



Cereals

Why lavish cream and sugar on foods that don't deserve them? If you serve a cereal only once a day, why not make that serving count?

Consider food values—human needs—in these foods that people like best. Make them more than tempting dainties. Make them Quaker Oats conveyors.



Quaker Oats

The Energizing Luxury

Nature gives to oats a flavor other cereals lack. Apparently she does this to make oats inviting. For she stores the grains with energy, with needed minerals and with food for growth.

We can't improve on Nature. But we pick out her choicest grains. In Quaker Oats we use

the queen grains only—the finest one-third of the oats.

We roll them into large, white, luscious flakes. Thus we get from Nature's oats a multiplied delight.

Many grain-made dainties are most delicious when made of Quaker Oats. And their value as foods may be doubled.

But use this premier grade.

10c and 25c per package
Except in Far West and South

A \$2.50 Aluminum Cooker

Made to our order, extra large and heavy, to cook Quaker Oats in the ideal way. Send us our trademarks—the picture of the Quaker—cut from the fronts of five Quaker Oats packages, or an affidavit showing the purchase of five packages of Quaker Oats. Send \$1.00 with the trademarks or affidavit, and this ideal cooker will be sent to you by parcel post prepaid. We require the trademarks or affidavit as assurance that you are a user of Quaker Oats. The trademarks have no redemption value. This offer applies to United States and Canada. We supply only one cooker to a family. Address

The Quaker Oats Company, 1708 Railway Exchange, Chicago

(1387)

HEATHERBLOOM

TRADE MARK



The Fate of a Frock Hangs on its Petticoat

WHETHER it is to support the daintiest gown or an extreme wide skirt—HEATHERBLOOM PETTICOATS meet every style requirement of Fall fashion. They have the correct body and drape to give the flare and bouffant effects now so much in demand.

Look and feel like silk, yet wear longer and cost one third as much. See the latest style innovations and color tones at all leading shops.

This label is on every waistband. Look for it.



Send for our free beautiful petticoat style book. Address Dept. F.

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361 Broadway, N. Y. C.

Makers of **Hydegrade** Fabrics



Freeman's Face Powder

(Made in U.S.A.)

has stood the test for thirty years. Why not test it yourself? Buy a box for 25c. If after using half you do not think it equal to any powder, your dealer will refund your money.

Freeman Perfume Co.,
Dept. 59, Cincinnati, O.

25c

Write for Samples

EQUIPPING THE LAUNDRY

By CORINNE UPDEGRAFF WELLS

THE washing and ironing of clothes is probably the most difficult part of the modern housekeeper's business. Whether she does the laundry work herself or hires it done, the important question is, and always has been, the elimination of drudgery. Primitive women washed their clothes in streams of running water, tramping, pounding, and twisting the garments in order to loosen and dissolve the dirt. With them, wash-day was a semi-annual occasion, a sort of Sunday-school picnic affair, when groups of chattering friends gathered beside river-banks, or loaded the family garments onto barges and paddled off in search of a suitable place to perform their laborious tasks. No such publicity is accorded the modern wash-day. Monday is in disgrace. When a woman does the work herself, too often, gloom descends upon the household. When this distasteful task is turned over to another, the domestic upheaval is usually



THE SLEEVE-BOARD

confined to the most remote and, unfortunately, the most unattractive spot possible to find about the premises. This fact alone would make drudgery of any occupation.

A properly-situated and equipped laundry should be as much of a consideration in any home as sanitary plumbing, sunny bedrooms and proper ventilation. A properly-situated laundry does not necessarily mean an expensive addition to the premises. It means a suitable place to do, efficiently, the laundry work of the household; a place where the laundry-tools will not become entangled with the tools of other occupations. We have a place in our homes to cook, a place to wash dishes, a place to sew. Why not have a place sacred to the washing and ironing of clothes, no matter how unpretentious that place may be, or how little money we have for equipment?

Whether the washing and ironing of clothes is regarded as ignominious drudgery, or elevated to the plane of an art or a science, depends absolutely upon the mental attitude of the housekeeper. Nothing will so surely determine this attitude as proper environment. Women who attend domestic-science schools forget the sordid side of

laundrying, in their contemplation of the æsthetic. They work in a beautifully-equipped room, flooded with light and air. They wear white dresses and white aprons. They look at white walls. They walk upon white floors. They wash in white tubs. They work with clean tools. And all of these factors dignify and facilitate their labors.



THE WASHING-MACHINE

The size and equipment of the home-laundry depend largely upon the amount of money that can be spent upon it. But no matter whether it is large or small, furnished meagerly or expensively, efficiency is always the first consideration. Each article in the room must be there for a definite purpose, and should be provided with a definite

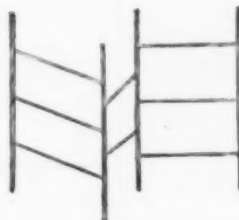
place. The equipment should be so arranged that not one unnecessary step will have to be taken.

Adequate working-space, light, and air are necessary to comfort. Light that comes through windows at two sides of the room, and not directly in front of the tubs, is preferable. White walls and ceiling will do much toward lightening any room, and will, in addition,

form a background against which to hold the clothes, while looking for stains and soil. Glazed brick, tile, or plaster painted with a waterproof-paint are the ideal materials for laundry-walls, but if these be too luxurious, ordinary white paint or even whitewash will give the desired effect, to a certain extent, and answer the purpose.

The best material for a laundry-floor, considered from a utilitarian and sanitary standpoint, is tile. It wears well and may be flushed with hot soap-suds, by installing a drain to carry off the water. Even without the drain, the work of keeping the floor clean is not difficult. Linoleum makes a satisfactory moderate-priced floor-covering, and has the advantage of being easy to work upon. Small rubber mats placed before tubs and ironing-board will add materially to the worker's comfort.

In planning a laundry, special attention should be given to convenient closet- and shelf-room, where supplies and movable



THE DRYING-RACK

[Continued on page 70]

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How the

"Wear-Ever"

ALUMINUM ROASTER
will help you save money



Roaster on top of stove



Baking Bread



Frying Crullers

Every day in the year you can use the "Wear-Ever" Roaster—on top of the stove over one burner, or in the oven.

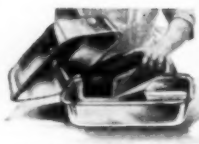
The "Wear-Ever" Roaster serves so many purposes that it saves the cost of other utensils—and it will outlast several ordinary roasters. It saves fuel because it absorbs heat so readily and retains it so long.

"Wear-Ever" utensils give enduring satisfaction. They cannot chip, scale nor rust. They are made in one piece, from thick, hard sheet aluminum.

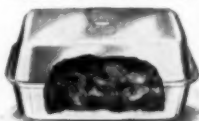
Aluminum utensils are NOT "all the same." See for yourself the difference between "Wear-Ever" and other aluminum and enamel utensils.

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with utensils that "Wear-Ever"

For **ONLY 25c** (stamps or coin) and the coupon we will send you prepaid the one quart "Wear-Ever" Stewpan pictured below. Offer good until October 20th, 1916, only. Ask for folder, "The Turkey and Other Good Things."



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Dept. 30 (or if you live in Canada) Northern Aluminum
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Send prepaid, one quart "Wear-Ever" Stewpan. En-
closed is 25c in stamps or coin—to be refunded if not sat-
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FAVORITE DESSERTS

By OUR CONTRIBUTORS

WASHINGTON PIE.—Beat the yolks of four eggs until light, add one and one-half cupfuls of sugar, and beat until creamy. Add gradually one-half a cupful of boiling water. When well blended, add two cupfuls of flour, sifted with two level teaspoonfuls of baking-powder, and cut and fold in the stiffly-beaten whites of the eggs. Bake in two layers about twenty minutes in a moderate oven. The cake, when done, shrinks away from the sides of the pan. Put the layers together with a cream filling.

CREAM FILLING FOR WASHINGTON PIE.—Put one cupful of milk into a double-boiler to heat, adding to it half a cupful of sugar. Beat two and one-half cupfuls of flour with a little cold milk until smooth, and about as thick as cream, and add this to the hot milk. Cook directly over the fire for a minute or so, letting it boil, so as to cook the flour thoroughly. Beat one egg slightly, then gradually pour onto it the hot milk-mixture, stirring all the time. Return to double-boiler, and cook two minutes. Remove from fire, add one teaspoonful of butter. Beat well, and set aside to cool. Flavor with one tea-
spoonful of vanilla, and one tablespoonful of lemon juice.

BROWN PUDDING.—Mix together one and one-half cupfuls of bread-crumbs, one cupful of flour, one-half cupful sugar, one-half cupful of milk, one-half cupful of molasses, one cupful of suet, one tea-
spoonful of baking-soda, and a cupful of chopped, seeded raisins. Put in melon-mold with cover, and boil four hours. Serve with hard-sauce mixed with its bulk of whipped cream.

BREAD PUDDING.—Beat well one egg and flavor with four tablespoonfuls of sugar and a pinch of salt. To this add one pint of milk. Into a shallow pudding-dish put two slices of buttered bread and a few raisins. Turn the mixture over this and set on hot asbestos mat. Cover closely and bake ten minutes.

STEAMED CUP-CUSTARDS.—Two bread-pans are required. Fill one with water and set it over flame of the stove. Beat one egg well, add two tablespoonfuls of sugar and a pinch of salt, and beat again. Add half pint of milk. Fill and cover two cups, and set in the pan of hot water. Place the other bread pan, inverted, over all. Steam fifteen minutes.

STEAMED FRUIT PUDDING.—Mix two and one-half cupfuls of flour, one tea-
spoonful of soda, one-half teaspoonful each of nutmeg, cinnamon and salt, one-

[Concluded on page 63]

FAVORITE DESSERTS

[Continued from page 62]

quarter cupful of suet, one cupful of molasses and one-half cupful of currants. Wash the fruit, and flour lightly. Sift the dry ingredients, and add the others in the order given. Pour into buttered pans and cover tightly with paraffin paper. Steam three hours. Serve with lemon or hard sauce.

CORN-MEAL PUDDING.—To one pint of sweet milk, boiling hot, add two small tablespoonfuls of corn-meal, moistened with a little cold milk, and cook until it begins to thicken. Remove from fire, and add one-half cupful of molasses, one-half cupful of sugar, a teaspoonful of salt, a teaspoonful of cassia, and one egg. Pour in another pint of cold milk, also a half cupful of raisins. Bake until it wheys, and serve with whipped cream.

PUDDING SAUCE.—A good sauce for boiled- and fruit-puddings is made of one cupful of sugar, one tablespoonful of corn-starch, and one tablespoonful of vinegar, well mixed together. Then add one cup of boiling water and bring to a boil. The vinegar brings out the flavor of the fruits in the pudding. A richer sauce may be made by beating an egg with the sugar. In that case no corn-starch is used.

ANOTHER PUDDING-SAUCE.—Mix together one apple, peeled and grated, one cupful of powdered sugar, and the white of one egg. Beat as you would cream. Flavor if desired.

IRISH FRUIT CAKE.—This cake may be made weeks before it is to be used and seems to improve with age. It consists of the following ingredients: six ounces of butter, six ounces of white sugar, twelve ounces of sifted flour, four eggs, one teaspoonful of baking-powder, one-quarter of a pound of mixed peel (lemon, orange, and citron) chopped fine, one-half pound of mixed fruit (currants, raisins, and cherries) and the rind of one lemon grated, or a few drops of vanilla. Beat butter and sugar to a cream, add flavoring, drop in eggs, one by one, adding eggs and flour (into which baking-powder has been sifted) alternately, until all the flour has been used. Lastly, add fruit and peel, and bake one hour in a hot oven.

SPONGE CAKE.—Add to three eggs, well beaten, one cupful of sugar and one tablespoonful of cold water. Mix together one cupful of flour (heap it), one teaspoonful of baking-powder and a pinch of salt. Add gradually the flour and baking-powder proportions to the eggs, sugar, and water, and flavor with one teaspoonful of vanilla or lemon after beating. Bake in moderate oven.

Why Don't You Use Crisco?

Putting a few plain questions to the American housewife who is *not* among the million women who do.

A MILLION American women are enthusiastic users of Crisco. They have proved how much they like it. Crisco is nationally established as the ideal cooking fat—an acknowledged aid in the achievement of better results in cooking. If you have not yet tried it why not follow the many who *know* Crisco? The advantages Crisco gives in frying, as shortening and in cake and bread making command the earnest consideration of every housewife who cares.

Purity Are you hesitating on the question of purity? Crisco is made in a clean sunlit factory by an original process which alone can produce such a rich cream of vegetable oil, freed from every possible impurity. Human hands never touch Crisco.

Tastiness Do you fear Crisco has flavor that might "show" in cooking? Crisco has neither odor nor taste. Therefore foods prepared with it are unusually dainty and have their own appetizing, natural flavors. Good cooks become better cooks when they choose Crisco.

Uniformity Do you fear that your recipes will not work out as well? Crisco is of uniform quality and you may be sure your shortening *always* will be the same. One package is like another package no matter where or when you buy it.

Richness Do you doubt the richness of Crisco? Crisco is all shortening and unlike butter contains no water. It really is so rich that one-fifth less is required.

Price Do you hesitate on account of the price of Crisco? Crisco is the most economical of fats—it costs but little more than ordinary lard, and if properly used goes much further. Its richness is so great that it gives as splendid results in cooking as creamery butter and at half the cost.

Digestibility Have you investigated the digestibility of Crisco? Foods fried in Crisco absorb so little fat that they are tasty and easy to digest. Baked foods made with Crisco are rich yet wholesome.

Crisco appeals to the people who like the better things. Unusual delicacy is characteristic of all Crisco-made foods. Crisco has nothing but delicate richness to impart. It gives a tender flakiness to pies and shortcakes. Cakes and breads stay fresh and moist much longer. There need be no smoke in frying with Crisco, therefore it will help keep your kitchen sweet. Your careful investigation of Crisco's merits is deserved and invited.

YOU can learn more about Crisco in Janet McKenzie Hill's "Whys of Cooking" which we have published as the successor to "A Calendar of Dinners." Every woman interested in cooking will be interested in this splendid addition to the important literature of domestic science. It is an authoritative text book, for the author is Principal of the Boston Cooking School and Publisher of American Cookery. It gives in the form of questions and answers just what you may want to know of puzzling problems in cooking. It is handsomely illustrated in colors and contains many new and hitherto unpublished recipes. Of course, this book is published to gain the good will of our customers, and therefore further advance the sales of Crisco, but it is a book which is worth five times at least what we ask for it. The cost is but five 2-cent stamps. Address your request to Department L-9, The Procter & Gamble Company, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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Write for plan how we furnish representatives with an automobile. This is no contest where only one person wins. Anyone can earn this auto.

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By Saving your Empty Chalmers Button Cards

Chalmers Pearls are the best fresh waterpearl buttons made. We are the largest pearl button manufacturers in the world. We make 7,000 pearl buttons a minute. To make you familiar with the name, "Chalmers Pearls," we will gladly send you this handsome sterling silver thimble, any size, in return for only five empty Chalmers button cards and 5c.

Chalmers Pearls

are Color Perfect; Holes are Smooth
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Centers are extra strong, so do not break readily. There are Chalmers Pearls for every purpose—underwear, rompers, shirts, shirtwaists, children's dresses, house dresses, etc. If you lose a Chalmers button you can replace it anywhere, with the assurance that it will match, no matter when nor where you buy. Quality "A" 5c to 10c a card. Quality "B" for even less. Use Chalmers Pearls for every button need. Save your empty cards, only 5 of them, and 5c, and you get this handsome solid silver thimble, stamped sterling.

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The youngsters will find heaps of fun with this interesting new game. It is ideal for long winter evenings and rainy days. We send you this game free, with six pearl buttons needed to play it, if you pay mailing expense (2c).

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Chalmers Pearls

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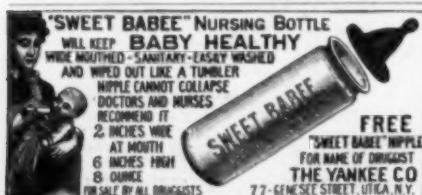
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NIPPLE CANNOT COLLAPSE
DOCTORS AND NURSES
RECOMMEND IT
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ETIQUETTE IN THE HOME

WHAT PRISCILLA LEARNED AT BOARDING-SCHOOL

By MARY MARSHALL DUFFEE

SOCIAL Dramatics, Tuesdays and Fridays at nine."

Priscilla Blair was going through the corridor to her first classes, at the Standish school in the big city, where she had been brought by her parents, if not exactly to be "finished," as the term is, at least, to gain the advantages that are to be had from a year at a fashionable boarding-school. She was reading the card in her hand on which the list of her courses of study was neatly typewritten.

At the top of the stairs, she met Irene, one of the Lockwood twins, the only girls in the school whom she had known previously. "Whatever in the world is 'Social Dramatics?'" she whispered. "I know I shall never be able to get along in that. I am not a bit of an actress."

"Oh, it hasn't anything to do with acting," answered Irene. "Miss Osborn, who is a perfect dear, has the class, and she teaches us etiquette and all that sort of thing. It makes you know how to come into the drawing-room without stumbling over the door-sill and how to keep up your end of the conversation. She shows you how to talk and walk like a thoroughbred, without being a bit affected, and how to feel perfectly at ease wherever you are. We take turns playing we are hostess at the tea-table, and sometimes Miss Osborn takes us to the theater, and shows us how to get in and out of the

carriage, and, sometimes, she shows us how to have tea in a hotel—"

Priscilla had been listening with eager, wide-opened eyes.

"Does she really tell you how to act in big hotels?" she asked; for, like most country girls unfamiliar with city life, she had been considerably embarrassed at the formality of the big hotel where she had spent two days with her parents, on her way to school.

"Of course, she does," put in Maud, the other twin, who had joined her sister.

"Why, Irene and I are just as much at home in a hotel—"

Here the conversation was ended, as they entered the class-room.

Miss Osborn, whose manner as she took her seat showed quite well, Priscilla thought, that she knew all there was to know about graceful and pleasing conduct, began the lesson by handing each girl a pad and pencil.

"I wish each young woman here would write down the point of etiquette or social conduct that she finds most puzzling," Miss Osborn announced. Maud Lockwood, whose question appeared first, asked for help about week-ends and house-parties, and Irene about the etiquette of

traveling. Vivian Stone, the oldest girl in the class, whose sparkling solitaire betokened the fact of her engagement, wished to know the rules of procedure for a large wedding. The French girl, Cecile La

[Con. on page 66]



"SOCIAL DRAMATICS, TUESDAYS AND FRIDAYS AT NINE"

Editor's Note.—All of us have been placed at times in some unfamiliar situation which has embarrassed or confused us. "What should I do?" we often ask ourselves: this series of articles dealing with the practices of good form as they were taught to Priscilla Blair in one of the most select finishing schools in the country, will answer that question for our readers. In addition, Mrs. Duffee will be glad to reply to all individual questions, if a stamped, addressed envelope is enclosed.

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BIG
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This Catalog
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No. 192

No. 191

We know you are interested in the new Fall fashions—every woman is. We also know you want to buy to the best advantage—that's why we want you to send for our Fall catalog. You will be amazed at the wonderful bargains we offer, and remember every article is as represented and if not satisfactory in every respect you may return your purchase at our expense and we will refund your money. **We also pay mail or express charges.** Just send a postal for our catalog No. 92M and be convinced.

No. 191. Very dainty and becoming is this blouse of all-over embroidered sheer voile. The fashionable large pointed Lanvin collar and panel down front are of organdie. Gathered at yoke to give fullness across bust. Fastens in front. White only. 34 to 44. Price **83c**

No. 192. Desirable features of this sheer voile blouse are the new style deep collar and Prince Imperial frill of scalloped embroidery in floral design. Shirring at yoke gives ample fullness. Fastens in front. Turn-back cuffs. White only. 34 to 44. Price..... **93c**

No. 193. Exceedingly good style is displayed in this pretty taffeta silk dress. The blouse has the new full effect front and back. Turn-down collar. Tailored sleeve with flared cuff. Tailored belt. The skirt is a graceful hanging plain gored model with fashionable flared pointed overskirt all around. Black or navy. 34 to 44. Price..... **\$4.48**

No. 194. This medium sailor of fine quality satin and silk velvet is a favorite because it is becoming and appropriate for almost any occasion. Made of good quality satin with tailored band of velvet around crown and edge of brim. Corded satin makes a pretty finish on top brim. Cut steel flower in front gives the hat a charming effect. White, new blue, old rose or tan satin with black velvet and cut steel flower. **\$1.59**
Price.....

No. 195. We show here an advance model in women's stylish footwear. Made of selected stock in the new Tuxedo pattern with dome top. The vamp is of high grade kid in the new field mouse brown with white kid upper. Flexible leather sole. 2 1/4 to 8. D and E. Price..... **\$2.49**

We Pay Mail or Express Charges

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**We Know
We Can
Please You**

Freckled or suntanned skins

How to whiten them

Summer suns bring to many women a new complexion problem.

Skins which at other times seem flawless, during this period often develop freckles or other unsightly spots. Prolonged exposure often brings about an undue tanning which, if not corrected, may become permanent. Something must be done to whiten the skin without injuring its texture. Try this simple, natural method tonight:

Just before you retire, cleanse the skin thoroughly by washing in your usual way with Woodbury's Facial Soap and lukewarm water. Wipe off the surplus moisture, but leave the skin slightly damp. Now dip the cake of Woodbury's in a bowl of water and go over your face and throat several times with the cake itself. Let its lather remain on over night, and wash again with Woodbury's in your usual way the next morning.

Woodbury's Facial Soap is the work of a skin specialist. This treatment with it is



just what your skin needs to whiten it. Use it every night unless your skin should become too sensitive, in which case, discontinue until this sensitive feeling disappears. A few applications should show a marked improvement. Use Woodbury's regularly thereafter in your daily toilet and keep your skin in perfect health.

A 25c cake of Woodbury's is sufficient for a month or six weeks of this treatment and daily use. Get a cake today. It is for sale by druggists and toilet counters everywhere throughout the United States and Canada.

Note—Those who have very thin, tender skins should not use this rather severe treatment, as it may cause smarting.

Write today for sample—For 4c we will send a "week's size" cake. For 10c, samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Powder. Address **The Andrew Jergens Co., 1630 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.**

If you live in Canada, address **The Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., 1630 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.**



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Snow-white, of a unique, firm, extra smooth weave, and extra strong because bleached in pure artesian well water. The best hotels and hospitals use PEQUOT because of the way they stand daily laundering. Plainly marked in inches for torn size. Be sure to get them big enough. We recommend either 72 x 99 or 81 x 99 inches for single, and 90 x 99 inches for double beds. Longer, if you want to turn them down.

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Ask your dealer to show you "HOOSIER" Stoves and Ranges. Write for our big free book showing photographs describing large assortment of sizes and designs of cast and steel ranges, cast cooks, soft and hard coal heaters and base burners to select from, explaining our free trial offer. Send postal today. Write name and address plainly. No obligations.

HOOSIER STOVE COMPANY
208 State St.
MARION, INDIANA



When answering advertisements kindly mention McCALL'S MAGAZINE

ETIQUETTE IN THE HOME

[Continued from page 64]

Rocque, asked to know the American customs regarding chaperones and dances, since she found in this country so much more freedom allowed to girls of her age than in France. The three day-pupils, all of whom had homes in the city, asked these questions: "What are the rules for letter-writing and calling-cards?" "Will you please explain to us with practical demonstration good form with regard to table manners?" and "Just what is the correct thing for coming-out parties, teas, and receptions?"

Priscilla wrote: "Please, Miss Osborn, explain how one should behave at a fashionable hotel, but please don't tell any of the girls who asked this?"

"Your questions have all proved exceedingly interesting," said Miss Osborn, "and in the course of the term, I shall be delighted to answer them and any others that may occur to you. In the meantime, I think you have forgotten a very important question to young girls of your age. This is the proper conduct in the home, especially to one's parents. Some people think that, unless there is a butler in the household, there isn't any use in practising any so-called 'etiquette' in the home, and that, unless there are guests, there is no use showing courtesy to one's parents. Even if your home is the most simple kind of farm-house or a city flat of three rooms, the principles of good breeding remain the same, and just because friction is more likely to exist in small quarters, you have more need for a knowledge of etiquette, which I like to regard as the lubricating oil for the wheels of life. Here are some points about your conduct toward your parents that I wish you would take down in your note-books:

THE mother of the house is, or ought to be, the center of social activity. A girl under twenty never sends out any written invitations in her own name. Since the mother is the hostess, it is her part to bid guests to her home. It is the custom, however, when the mother is tending a formal tea, for the daughters, if they have passed the debutante-period, to receive the guests with the mother, for the first hour, after which time, they may occasionally leave her side. It would be bad form for a girl even older than this to issue invitations for a dance or formal tea in her own name, although she might informally invite girl friends already known to her parents.

"In formal society, a girl under twenty uses a card on which her own name is engraved under that of her mother. Her social activities are carried on in company with her mother, but during her first season, if she pays calls alone, she is permitted to run a pencil-line through her mother's name.

[Concluded on page 67]

ETIQUETTE IN THE HOME

[Continued from page 66]

"It shows laxity on the part of the parent as well as on the part of the children for daughters not to let their mothers know where they are going, before they leave the house.

"A mother should always insist on meeting her daughter's men friends and, if possible, should make it a point to greet them when they call. Theoretically, the young man pays his respects to the mother, and, if he leaves cards, he must always leave one for her as well as one for the daughter.

"When possible, guests at the house should be made known to the father as well as to the mother.

"Every member of the household ought, if possible, to greet the mother and father, morning and night. If the family breakfasts at the same hour, the children should pause ever so slightly on passing the mother and father in the dining-room to say courteously, 'Good morning, Mother,' or 'Good morning, Father.' In the same way, if the parents are at home when the children retire, they should never neglect to say 'Good night.'"

HERE Irene interrupted: "Oh, please, Miss Osborn, won't you tell us whether we ought always to call our parents, *Mother and Father*?"

"Personally, I think that the best-bred people usually do address their parents in that way. It is exceedingly bad form to use the contractions *Pa* and *Ma*, even playfully. There is a certain lack of respect in the expressions *Pater* and *Mater* and *Governor*, used in certain fashionable households. In some ultra modern homes I know of, the children call their parents by their Christian names. This is not good form. *Papa* and *Mamma* are, in this country, considered a little old-fashioned, and are usually used only by little children. Many very well-bred children, however, of late years, call their father *Daddy* and their mother *Mother*. An English friend of mine tells me that in the present English Royal family, the Crown Prince and his brothers and sister address their parents as *Daddy* and *Mummy*.

"However, for young women of your ages *Mother* and *Father* suggest much more dignity and respect."

As the clock struck ten, and the group of girls passed into the next class, Miss Osborn laid a graceful hand on Priscilla's shoulder. "This is just a little introductory talk to-day," she said, "and in our next lesson, I shall tell you, with exercises and demonstrations, all about hotel etiquette."

Priscilla went away with the new conviction that it is far more important to be well mannered in your own dear home than in all the hotels in the world.



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WORDS AND HOW TO USE THEM

A MONTHLY DEPARTMENT IN CORRECT ENGLISH

By EMMA M. BOLENIUS, Author of "The Teaching of Oral English," "Teaching Literature," etc.

THERE are pitfalls in the way of the woman who thinks it a great evidence of culture to punctuate her speech at intervals with foreign words, or phrases, picked up without study of the language. There is really no excuse for using foreign expressions unless there is no equivalent in English. Even in such a case, it is questionable whether the use of the foreign word is more effective, because for nine out of a thousand or more American hearers the meaning is probably lost on account of unfamiliarity with the other language. As an amusing evidence of this pretentious use of a foreign word, a ridiculous betrayal of ignorance was made by an American woman of wealth to a group of friends who welcomed her back to her native shore. They stood on the pier waiting. She came down the gang-plank, her costume a little too extreme and her face alight with the joy of getting back. As she met them, I heard her cry grandiloquently:

"How glorious it is to get back once more to *terra cotta*!"

I turned quickly to see if there was a twinkle in her eye. But no, her face was absolutely serious. What she meant was *terra firma*. *Terra cotta* is the name of a color, like clay, as well as the name of a hard-baked pottery.

It is not only in regard to a foreign language, however, that we find confusion of words. Sometimes we hear people say "His speech had many illusions to history," or something like that. *Allusion*, *illusion*, and *delusion* are three members of the *Uision* family that need special watching. *Allusion* means an indirect reference to something, and it is the word that should have been used in the sentence given above. *Illusion* and *delusion* mean false seeming, but *illusion* often refers particularly to the sense of vision ("That trick is done by an illusion"), and *delusion* often implies being imposed upon, or consciously misled into a wrong judgment; as, "He is laboring under a delusion." To speak of an "optical delusion" is misuse of the word *delusion* for *illusion* ("an optical illusion"). Milton speaks of cheating the eye with blar illusions.

Enormity and *enormousness* are sometimes confused, and, at such times, result in absurd statements. *Enormity* means abnormal, or monstrous, in wickedness, and is applied to deeds of unusual horror.

Enormousness, on the other hand, is an entirely complementary word, for it is applied to things of unusual size. We speak of "the enormities of Nero," or "the enormities perpetrated in times of war," but we speak of "the enormousness of the cost of war," or the "enormousness of the Roman Empire in the time of the Emperor Nero." To say "the enormity of Washington's task,"

when speaking of his achievements during the Revolutionary War, is a misuse of the word, which results in the opposite of what

was intended in the speaker's mind.

Three little words, closely allied in spelling and, therefore, often misused, are *council*, *counsel*, and *consul*. A *council* is a body of persons convened for consultation; *counsel* is either advice that is the fruit of wisdom (a more weighty word than *advice*) or a person engaged to give advice (a lawyer). *Consul*, on the other hand, is the name of the foremost magistrate of ancient Rome during the days of the Republic, or of an officer appointed by a government to reside in another country and take charge of the affairs of the appointing country. "I want your consul in this matter" is a careless statement for "I want your counsel in this matter." Faulty pronunciation sometimes leads a speaker to say what he does not intend.

WE should be more careful in our use of the two little words *ride* and *drive*. The word *drive* should be used in speaking of going in a private, or a hired carriage, as, "Will you drive with me this afternoon?" "The cab man can drive us to the station," and the like. The word *ride* should be confined to going in the saddle (on horseback), or in a conveyance over which one has no control, as a railroad coach, a street-car, an omnibus, or any conveyance not drawn by animals. If a young man asks a girl to "take a ride" with him, he need not be surprised if she greets him in her riding habit. She would be interpreting him correctly.

The word *badly* is a much misused little member of the dictionary family. It should not be made to do the work of *very much*, in such expressions as "I want to go badly" (for "I want to go very much"), or "I want to sing badly" (for "I want to sing very much"). The second example becomes almost ludicrous, when we consider what is really said and contrast it with what the speaker meant to say.

To any one who is interested, Miss Bolenius will be glad to send by mail a list of collective nouns with sentences to illustrate the two uses explained in this article. Questions concerned with problems of speech and the correct usage of words will also be answered, if accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope.



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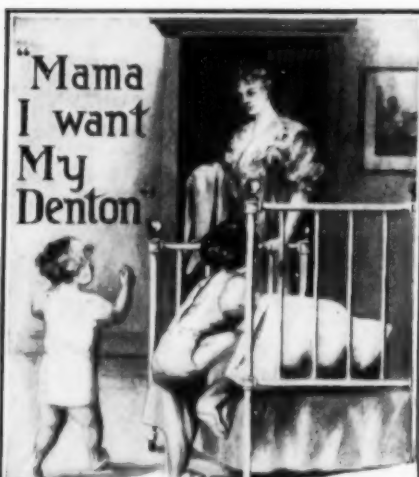
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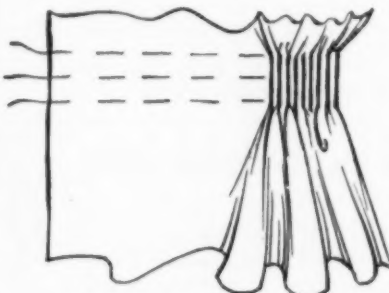


EARLY FALL STREET-FROCK

[Continued from page 59]

pockets with silk seam-binding, and baste to inside of dress, following the small double circles perforated in the pattern. Pockets should be firmly basted before stitching.

CARTRIDGE-PLEATING OR FRENCH GATHERS.—This effective trimming is a revival of the gauging which, in years gone by, was favored for the backs of thin skirts and similar purposes. It is very simple to do. A short stitch is taken up on the right side, and a long one on the wrong side, taking care that the long and short stitches in each succeeding line of gathers are kept parallel, as illustrated.



DETAIL OF CARTRIDGE-PLEATING

Here bands of the cartridge-pleating are used on the pockets. These bands are cut after the portion of the pattern marked "L." They are cut from the material of the dress and lined with a soft silk or satin. After lining the bands, gather them, taking up a short stitch on the right side, at the first small circle, proceeding with a long stitch on the under side to the next small circle, and so on to the end of the strip, proceeding in the same way on the other edge. Cut two bands after the portion of the pattern marked "I," line them with a thin silk or satin, and adjust the gathered portions to these bands with ends and edges even, adjusting the gathers evenly. These pleated bands are arranged over the pocket-slashes, stitching each end of the bands down securely. When all the other details have been satisfactorily completed, try dress on and adjust the length. When dress is just right, face with a bias strip of the material, three inches wide when finished. This facing is seamed on from the right side, turned back, pressed, and hemmed down by hand. There is a pleat in each side of the front made by bringing circle perforations together.

The dress is completed by a patent-leather belt. If desired, a cartridge-pleated belt of the material may be used, as shown in the other adaptation, illustrated in the small views on page 59. The latter gives a more novel effect and is equally suitable for a practical garment.

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FOLLOWING THE GYPSY TRAIL

[Continued from page 15]

grown their continental habits of begging and, when sufficiently pressed by hunger, of pilfering. Often they have no vehicle, but wander the country afoot with a bear or a hand-organ, sleeping under hedge-rows and in barns. These are scorned by the better class of Romanies, who give them a mere word of greeting when they pass on the road. From these humble brothers-by-blood, the race rises in gradual steps to the Romanies that have become so habited to our ways that they combine the word American with the name of their own nationality; as English-American, Hungarian-American.

When a band of gypsies is *aprey the droom*, they stop along the roadside to prepare their meals. Sometimes a stove is set up, but quite as often they use the open fire and the *sarshta*. This is an iron sharpened at one end to thrust into the ground and hooked at the other to hold the kettle.

When the sky grows clear and frosty and there comes a nip in the wind that bites into the flesh, the bands follow the birds southward or else turn house-dwellers in some town or city. But even these habitations, when you visit them, strongly suggest the vans and the tents they so love. Many people will be found living together. On the floor in the hall, will lie the tent-poles and the *sarshtas*. A kind of general living-room opening off from this will be uncarpeted and flanked on one side by a table and a stove and on the other by the chest of drawers.

There is a thought which appears in the folk tales of all countries. Some precious or sacred article which disappears and is believed to be lost, is later discovered in an obscure spot, guarded by humble men and women. Here is a great truth. If some valuable quality seems to be disappearing, look for it among the poor and you will find it there, safeguarded against the time of its reinstating. The Romanies may be wanderers upon the face of the earth, they may be over-shrewd in a business deal, but in their hearts, like a pure, white flame, burns devotion to family life. Respect for women is the first tenet of the Romany man. It is safer for a woman to walk alone at night into an American gypsy camp than through the streets of many a *gorgio* city. Divorce is a thing practically unknown among the better class of American gypsies; and any deflection from the marriage vows stamps either a man or a woman with a stigma of disgrace.

The gypsy couples marry young. Often, they are only fifteen or sixteen years old. Generally, they elope and visit a justice of the peace. The gypsies that claim any

[Concluded on page 72]



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FOLLOWING THE GYPSY TRAIL

[Continued from page 71]

set religion are Catholics, and these always gain the blessing of a priest upon their marriages. Occasionally, one hears of the buying and selling of brides, but if this ever occurs, it is among the poor, low-caste members from southern Europe. Likewise, "jumping over the broomstick" is rumor rather than fact. The young couple take the first, great step towards making their marriage a success by immediately establishing for themselves a strictly individual family life. They set up their own van, their own tent, their own cooking utensils. When camp is pitched, they now start a separate fire for themselves. Three or four generations of the same blood may be traveling in a band, yet each family unit will be kept strictly distinct. The Romany couples, however young they may be, are wise. They know that the home ties are the vital center of human life and they will run no risk of outside bickering or discord entering in. As the years go on, the women retain the unfaltering regard of the men of their family. The gypsy man respects his wife's ability and is not ashamed to ask her advice. But she is primarily the mother, rather than the business woman, despite her fortune-telling and peddling of laces.

The sixty thousand gypsies in our country are divided into great families. These call themselves English-American, German-American, Hungarian-American, Russian-American, according to the land from which they came. Over each family is a leader. Formerly these were gypsy queens, but the spirit of American democracy has permeated even into the Romany bands, so that now they consider themselves not so much clans to be governed, as family confederations to be directed. Consequently, the head of the family is generally some man who predominates because of his business acumen.

The American gypsy differs fundamentally from the gypsy of Europe. Not long ago, I visited a band of Galatian gypsies, newly come to this country. In the center of the tent was built an open fire which cast fitful lights and shadows on a circle of twenty dark faces. In their tents, the gypsies always sit on the ground and thus avoid the smoke which makes the tents unbearable to strangers.

Feeling that we had come to them as friends in a land of strangers, they volunteered to sing for us. The accompaniments were played on a variety of stringed instruments, for most gypsies are musicians. Their music is not written, but is handed down like their folk tales. Much of it, indeed, is a thing of the moment, varied to suit the present occasion. A single voice begins the strain; then gradually others steal in upon it until the very

air seems to carol with the gladness of nature or to throb with the plaintive melancholy of humanity.

Then, from the hampers and boxes they brought out specimens of their metal work. Even many of their camp utensils, water-pails, and wash-basins were of beautifully wrought copper plated with silver.

"Pen tutes a dukkerin," repeated the dye with the gold coins tinkling in her locks. "You don't want your fortunes told. Fortune telling is lies." No one knows better than the gypsy that her fortune-telling is a fake.

As one old gypsy grandmother explained: "When you go to tell a fortune, first put all your heart into finding out what kind of a man or woman you have to deal with. Look keenly, fix your glance sharply, especially if it is a girl. When she is half frightened, she will tell you much without knowing it. When you have done this often enough, you will be able to twist a silly girl, like twine, around your fingers. Half the business is to know how to flatter people. When a girl has anything unusual in her face, you must tell her that it signifies extraordinary luck. If she have red or yellow hair, tell her that is a true sign she will have much gold; when her eyebrows meet, that she will be united to a rich gentleman. Tell her always when you see a mole on her cheek or her forehead, that it is a sign she will become a great lady. Never mind where it is, tell her always that a mole or a fleck is a sign of greatness. Praise her up. If you see that she has small hands or feet, tell her about a gentleman who is wild about pretty feet, and how a pretty hand brings more luck than a pretty face. Praising and petting and cry-up are half of fortune-telling. There is no girl and no man in all the earth who is not proud and vain about something, and if you can find it out, you can get their money." Here is the truth of the matter: by her remarkable power of intuition she can surmise your past and conjecture what future will probably follow from it. Then, over it all, she embroiders a gaudy pattern of flattery. But if, by any chance, you have upset her temper, she can reel you off a fortune full of such scorching vindictiveness that for a second the steadiest nerves are startled.

Such are the real gypsies. There are times when the vain and trivial in our own social order seems to overlay all that is noble in it. Then are the gypsies refreshing company; for they regard with an indifference as absolute as a growing boy's, the comforts of modern civilization, its false refinements, and its social competition. Do not think of them as the outcasts of society. They merely refuse to wear its bonds.



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The dress shown here (No. 14Z7048, 7050 and 7052) is a wonderfully clever model—suitable for many occasions—possessing the individuality

sought for by particular women. This model is made of an excellent quality Nun's Veiling, so popular this season—a wool and cotton mixture, closely woven with a lustrous surface. The waist is finished to give the effect of revers of self material at each side of the vest of brocaded silk. The chemisette and collar are of fine Oriental lace. The sleeves are shapely and of full length—joined with cording at the arm holes and show deep, pointed cuffs with turnovers of brocaded silk to match vest. Graceful, flaring peplum plaited over the hips is a stylish feature of the skirt, which is further ornamented by crosswise tucks at lower part. Its price seems remarkably low for a garment of such style and quality.



Coat of Plaid Zibeline

10Z2178—Blue Effect
10Z2180—Gray Effect
10Z2182—Brown Effect

Bust measure—34 to 46 ins. Length in back—45 ins. *Mention Size Wanted.*

The Price is \$10⁹⁸
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WOTAN THE TERRIBLE

[Continued from page 13]

So they seated themselves in the rocking-chairs, Wotan thumped down between them, and the three proceeded to become acquainted.

It was about a month later that the burglar came. It was Maggie's Thursday out, Harriet and Wotan were alone in the house, and the burglar rang the front door-bell. He was a genial, prosperous-looking burglar, and very polite.

"You need not be alarmed," said he, stepping inside. "I shall not try to sell you a vacuum-cleaner or a war manual. I have merely come for the silver and jewelry and any loose change."

Harriet gasped.

"Are you a burglar?" she asked breathlessly.

"You are clever," he replied admiringly. "I am."

Harriet stepped back hastily.

"Wotan, come here!" she cried.

The Great Dane ponderously approached from the rear of the living-room, and sniffed inquiringly about the burglar's trousers. The man patted him heartily on the shoulder, whereat Wotan flopped down on the floor to continue his nap.

"I shall not hurt him," said the burglar. "I have seen him so often about town with you that I feel that I know him quite well. I like dogs."

Harriet clutched at her breast in desperation.

"What are you going to do?" she demanded.

The burglar displayed a suit-case which he had brought.

"I am merely going to fill this with a few trinkets for the children," said he, "and then I shall have to go. My time is valuable and I'm afraid I can't stop for much of a call."

He led the way into the dining-room, and opening the drawers of the sideboard, began methodically to pack up the family silver. Harriet slipped quietly back into the hall and took down the telephone receiver.

"You needn't bother," said the burglar, proceeding with his work. "I took the precaution of cutting the wires. And I wouldn't scream or anything, either. The Hathaways are all out and no one would hear. I am sure we shall be able to finish this without any excitement or confusion."

In a panic, Harriet seized Wotan by the collar and tried to prod him into a state of activity, but in vain. He remained the picture of aloof dignity.

"Now," said the burglar, appearing in the doorway, "if you will accompany me to the chambers, we will see if we can find a few things to fill in the crannies with."

[Continued on page 75]



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WOTAN THE TERRIBLE

[Continued from page 74]

He was a large man of commanding personality, in spite of his pleasant ways, and he wafted Harriet ahead of him up the stairs. When the little job there was completed, he went to the back of the house, locked the doors, and put the keys in his pocket.

"I thank you for your courtesy," said he, returning. "I am very glad to say that it has been unnecessary to disarrange anything. I will now bid you good afternoon."

He paused with the door partly opened, and his gaze fell upon Wotan.

"That is a valuable dog," he observed. "I believe I shall have to take him along with me. I like dogs."

Taking Wotan's leash from the hat-rack, he snapped it into the collar, and with a deft tug, induced Wotan to rise. Harriet threw her arms about the dog's neck, but the man was too quick for her, and Wotan, sensing the prospect of an afternoon walk, stalked out, leaving Harriet in despair upon her knees. The door banged shut, the key was turned in the lock on the outside, and Harriet heard the man's retreating footsteps on the front walk.

Forgetting the dignity of her twenty-two years, she ran up-stairs, opened the bathroom window, and clambered out upon the roof of the bay window. Half a dozen years of young ladyhood had not obliterated this avenue of egress from her mind. She made her way along the stout limb of the old Baldwin tree and thence, by a well remembered route, to the ground.

Scarcely pausing to adjust her attire or give thought to her hair, she ran down to the gate and almost into the arms of Winter, who had just dismounted from his bicycle.

"Did you see him?" she cried, on the verge of hysterics. "Which way did he go?"

"Who? The professor?" asked Winter in amazement, taking advantage of her distraction to hold her soft arm.

"No, a burglar! No one was home but me. He came right in and got all the silver and things, and when he went off he took Wotan with him. Oh, you must have seen him. He only just left."

"He must have gone out to the back road. I came up the other way," said Winter. "You hurry down to Professor Small's and get them to telephone to the sheriff. I'll overtake the man on my wheel and see if I can detain him. Tell the sheriff to drive up the back road."

He was off in a moment and Harriet hurried tearfully down the hill to do his bidding.

Around the bend by Turner's farm,
[Continued on page 84]



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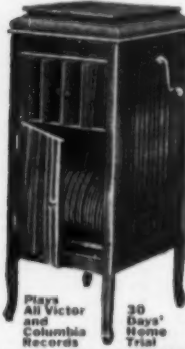
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EQUIPPING THE LAUNDRY

[Continued from page 60]

articles of equipment may be kept out of sight and away from the dust. A small room, like a pantry, opening off the laundry, is still more convenient, because it may be used as a laboratory for mixing and storing bleaching-chemicals, for making starch, bluing, soap-jelly, and for storing such supplies as may be purchased cheaper in large quantities. By having a room of this kind, where utensils as well as materials may be kept, all the necessary measuring and mixing may be done with minimum effort. If such an arrangement

is not possible, the next best thing is a closet divided into two compartments, the top one for supplies, and the lower one for utensils, with a wide ledge between the two to work upon.

The question of wash-tubs is a most important

one. In selecting stationary-tubs, the preference is usually bestowed upon white enamel, especially if price is no consideration. There are practical as well as aesthetic reasons for choosing white tubs: they are easily cleaned by rubbing with kerosene, and the soiled portions of clothes are more readily seen against their white background. If white tubs are out of the question, however, light gray, or cream-colored ones make good substitutes.

Where stationary-tubs are not possible, wooden or metal tubs will have to be chosen. There are advantages and disadvantages to both of these. Wooden tubs do not stain as readily as metal tubs, but they are a trifle heavier and warp in dry weather. Whether stationary or movable, tubs should always be high enough to obviate the necessity of stooping. For a woman of average height, the top rim of a tub should be thirty-six inches from the floor. Many Monday backaches could be avoided by thus adjusting the tubs to the worker.

While it is possible to wash in two tubs, one more adds so much from the standpoint of convenience and facility, that no woman should try to work with less than three; one for washing, one for rinsing, and one for bluing. If a washing-machine is used, two tubs will be all that are necessary, but the machine should be installed so near the tubs that the clothes may be lifted or passed through a chute from the washer to the rinsing-tub and then to the bluing-tub. If stationary-tubs are placed against a wall, a twelve-inch board between the wall and the tubs will be found convenient, as this will provide a

place for soap, bluing, ammonia, and similar materials, used during the process of washing.

Every mechanical aid possible to be obtained should be provided for laundry-work. Electrically-driven equipment is the most satisfactory, but the most expensive to install and operate. There are so many washing-machines and devices on the market, however, that one may easily be found to fill the needs, and come within the financial reach of everyone. These mechanical aids do more than anything else to minim-

ize the drudgery of washing and ironing. Devices which remove the dirt by suction and which, therefore, eliminate rubbing may be purchased for as little as fifty cents. There are also metal tubs with suction-devices attached which are inexpensive

and easily operated. A good wringer should always be included in laundry-equipment.

THE most approved type of ironing-board is mounted on a metal base which may be attached to the floor of the laundry. Boards of this kind may be obtained from any laundry-supply house. The advantages of an ironing-board of this type are numerous. It is always in position, is absolutely firm, and the space beneath it is unobstructed, which makes easier the ironing of dresses, skirts, or similar garments that must extend the length of the board. Another good model, and one which is for sale at all housefurnishing stores, is the board mounted on a wooden frame. A sleeve-board, which costs but a few cents, is almost a necessity where there are infants' or small children's clothes to be ironed.

The care of an ironing-board may be greatly simplified by providing a set of muslin covers, to be attached by tapes sewed along each side

at convenient intervals. A cover of this kind can be removed, and a fresh one substituted in a moment. The board should be well padded with a heavy blanket tacked to the under side. A slip of dark denim makes a serviceable cover for the ironing-board, when not in use.

In order to iron with the greatest ease and efficiency, gas or electricity should be employed. If either of these is out of the question, alcohol-irons will prove a good substitute. Any iron that keeps hot continually, and that makes frequent and tiresome trips to the stove unnecessary, is

[Concluded on page 77]



THE IRONING-BOARD



THE CLOTHES-LINE REEL

EQUIPPING THE LAUNDRY

[Continued from page 76]

worthy of a place in the modern laundry. Even in choosing the smaller accessories, it is advisable to investigate the merits of the various models on the market. For instance, an oblong clothes-basket with straight sides costs no more than an oval one, and is preferable because it may be placed snugly against any object or surface it touches, and takes up less space in the room. Clothes-hampers should be chosen rather for sanitation than ornamentation. Woven baskets afford shelter for germs, which are often present in soiled clothes. If a hamper of this type is used, an oilcloth-lining which can be removed and washed may be added. Papier-maché hampers that are covered with enamel-paint, which can be washed, are serviceable and inexpensive. Laundry-bags that can be boiled frequently are desirable from the standpoint of health.

No home-laundry is complete without some arrangement for drying clothes indoors in bad weather. Dryers, furnished with heat from a stove, may be installed if expense is not to be considered. Folding drying-racks of various designs may be purchased from one dollar upward, and will be found practical. Perhaps the most convenient invention for this purpose is the double clothes-line that comes on a reel. When not in use, the line is coiled up out of sight in a metal cylinder, which is nailed to the wall. When the line is needed, it can be pulled out and attached to a stationary hook placed on the opposite side of the room. These lines cost from twenty-five cents up, according to the length of line attached.

A large table blocked to the proper working-height, will also serve many purposes in a laundry. If it is padded and covered with muslin, large flat pieces may be ironed upon it; and by laying a piece of table oilcloth over the ironing-sheet, when not in use, it can be used as a sprinkling- and sorting-table.

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HER OWN FOLKS

[Continued from page 24]

a great ruby, the hot biscuit, the tall goblets of floating island, the like of which Mike had never seen before, and the squares of sponge cake, with thick, thick frosting—were not to be easily forgotten. But, above all, the look of joyous contentment on the face of the dear old lady gave them a real taste of the hominess they were so hungry for.

After that, the business of adopting her for an occasional grandmother was easily managed.

The morning of the day before Thanksgiving, because their new grandmother had invited them for Thanksgiving dinner, Peggy flew around dressing the babies and singing for sheer joy. But, as she took her little company down to breakfast, she ran into Mike, who was huddled, a miserable little heap, on the stairway.

"Why, Dick," she exclaimed softly, going down on her knees beside him, "what's the matter, little brother?"

He raised a pale, woe-begone face to her and tried bravely to smile. "Nothing," he muttered, "I'm just a little bit sick, I guess, Peg. I don't want any breakfast."

"Poor little kid! Come on, I'm going to help you up-stairs, and tuck you into bed in the sick-room, with a toasty hot-water bottle."

"You'll feel perfectly fine by night, Dick," she comforted, as she left him. But there was a lump in her throat, for somehow, Dick looked as though he were a very sick boy, and she was realizing how far this make-believe brother had wedged his way into her heart.

When the doctor had gone, Peggy sped out into the hall, where she met the Matron.

"What does the doctor say about Mike?" she asked.

She saw that there were tears in the Matron's eyes, and that her face was working strangely. Peggy seized her arm roughly and shook it.

"Tell me, Mrs. Alton," she begged.

"They have taken him to the County Hospital," Mrs. Alton answered, "he has cerebro-spinal meningitis."

Peggy sank down on the floor, with her head buried in her arms.

Twice they telephoned for information as to Mike's condition, but the precise replies told them little. His temperature had risen, not alarmingly. He was delirious, but probably not suffering much. If there were any change, they would report it.

The clock on the stairs had struck nine before the Hospital telephoned. When the bell rang, Peggy was crouched on the bench in the hall, and she picked up the receiver at the first tinkle.

"This is McDonald, at the County Hospital," said a quiet voice.

"Yes—yes," she gasped, "about Mike."

"A number of new symptoms have developed tonight. His condition is extremely critical."

"You mean—he's going—to die?" she choked.

"We're still hoping, Miss—isn't this the Make-Believer Lady?"

"Yes—yes. Does he know? Is he still delirious?"

"He doesn't know anything. He keeps begging for his sister Peggy, and for his Grandmother."

"His sister—Peggy?"

"Yes."

"Dr. McDonald, tell him I'm coming."

"But wait—you can't. It's infectious."

"You don't understand. I'm Peggy. I have a right to come." Her voice had a stubbornly defiant ring. "You can manage some way to let me come."

"You are not his sister?"

"Just make-believe—but—"

"Um—I see." His voice trailed off, and then he began to speak again briskly. "If you will be at Cook's drug store at ten, I'll see what I can do."

The doctor met her as she got off the car. He took her cold, clammy little hand and laughed rather shakily.

"You'd be a splendid nurse," he said, "I'll warrant you have not eaten a bite to-day."

She shook her head impatiently. "Aren't you going to take me to Mike?"

"First you're going to have a cup of coffee," he told her, guiding her into a little café. She submitted, drinking the coffee in great gulps that scalded her throat.

"Now," he said, "I'm going to tell you why I think you'd better not go to the Hospital. Of course, if Mike were your brother—"

"It's because I'm only a pretender that I must go. Please don't argue."

"You realize that there is a certain amount of danger?"

She shrugged her shoulders. "Can you take me to Mike?" she sighed wearily. "I haven't anyone but Mike and our make-believe grandmother." Her voice was husky. "I can't desert Mike."

Just then, Dr. McDonald discovered that there was something quite odd the matter with his throat, but his tone was business-like and almost brusque, as he said, "Of course you can't. We will go at once."

The next morning Mike regained consciousness long enough to smile contentedly at Peggy, and then he went off to sleep again, but now it was a comfortable, even-breathing kind of sleep that was the first sign of the speedy, apparently miraculous recovery that sometimes character-

[Continued on page 80]

FINANCIAL PREPAREDNESS

By AGNES ATHOL

HAVE you found it out yet?" I asked May and Anne, one day at the lunch table. Anne, who is nineteen, sews for me; May, a year older, does my typewriting. Both of them write "Mrs." before their names.

"Found out what?" they chorused. Sometimes, I talk a little over their heads, even though the "Mrs." has apparently brought them into closer touch with me.

"That marriage and money problems are inseparable."

The girls looked at each other. "Indeed, we have," said May in a low voice. "If we'd only realized it!" May's husband, Jack, makes fifteen dollars a week. He is a decent, well-meaning, solid fellow, a little vague in his ideas about two living cheaper than one, and so very much in love with May, that when she lost her office

must have them. Judging from their previous training, they might easily degenerate into kimono-boudoir-cap wives, who, having passed through the supreme adventure, settle down to a life of slatternly habits and mental inactivity.

The real pity is that neither of the girls has ever seriously considered, in spite of her own business experience, the plain bread-and-butter side of marriage. Having a sweetheart, and planning pretty clothes was all fun; getting the knot tied was a lark; the future could take care of itself. She would manage, somehow. How many Anne's and May's are there in every town, and how do they manage? How should they manage? I wanted so much to talk to those girls at my lunch table, to help them, without prying into their affairs, without seeming to preach, to send them



EVERY PAY-DAY, META AND MAX SAT DOWN AND PLANNED THE NEXT WEEK'S EXPENDITURES

position through ill-health, he felt that he must assume the job of protecting her at once. George, who married Anne, is also a good, sober, respectable boy of nineteen, earning twelve dollars as a clerk in the telephone company. Anne's father wouldn't allow her to receive George or any boys at home, and George's clean, straight ideas saw only one way out of the difficulty. They went down-town and were married.

The pity of it doesn't lie in the fact that Anne is dressmaking again, in order to eke out her own clothes necessities, or that May and Jack are boarding, so that May can put in her mornings earning a little extra typewriting money. It is rather good than otherwise for those two particular girls to have their time filled regularly, part of the day, to help their husbands financially, and buy their own hats and their foolish, light-colored shoes, if they

back to their boy-husbands that night with, at least, a glimmer of an idea that would bear fruit.

"It doesn't really matter," I began, "how much or how little the income is; what counts is the use that is made of it, the way it is proportioned out—and that is what the wife has to learn.

HAVE you made a budget?" I demanded of Anne, who had set up housekeeping in two rooms.

"I—I—keep an account," she stammered, "but George doesn't like me to use my money."

"No man does," I returned, "but that's beside the point. I don't mean an account of what you've already spent but a plan of what you're going to spend, so much for rent, so much for the table, a sum for

[Continued on page 82]



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AYEAR CAN BE MADE

HER OWN FOLKS

[Continued from page 78]

izes this dread disease. The doctor straightened up with a sigh of relief, and looked at Peggy with a smile that spoke volumes of hope.

"He's better?" breathed Peggy.

"He most certainly is better," he assured her, looking down at Mike. Then, after a while, "and when he is well again, I'm never going to let him go back to a capital H home."

"I don't understand—I guess," Peggy faltered, with a little catch in her voice. "You're going—to adopt him?" She turned to the window, her eyes slowly filling with tears.

"Yes, I want some 'own folks,' too, Peggy." He crossed to the window and stood beside her. "Oh, Peggy, Peggy," he said softly, "I want you for my wife."

She turned and the look in his eyes was eager, humble, adoring. The color leaped to her cheeks and her lips half parted in a smile. For a second, she swayed toward him, as he took her two little clasped hands in one of his. Suddenly, her face went deathly white, she wrenched her hands free and stood with one arm flung across her eyes.

"No," she cried faintly, "oh, no, please—I can't marry you—ever."

The light died out of his face, but the line of his chin was determined. "There is some one else?"

His tone, this time, was so very cool that Peggy, with a sob, shook her head in swift denial.

"Aren't you going even to tell me why you won't marry me?" he said, and his lips curved in his old, whimsical smile.

"I just can't," she answered him, for even the sound of her heart beating seemed to shout "blind—blind—blind." And if she should tell him—but she would not have his pity.

But it was a very silent Peggy who left the Hospital, walking by the side of a grave, young doctor. The horror of the thought of blindness had seized upon Peggy, and she could not shake it off. Once more, she felt herself in the oculist's office, and she could hear his voice calmly sentencing her to a life of blindness. She knew now that it was going to be darker than she had supposed at first.

A man, hurrying up the steps, nodded and raised his hat to McDonald as he passed them. The next instant, however, he wheeled and came back, hat in hand, red hair bristling fiercely.

"Why, Miss Scott," he said, "how are you? I thought you had gone home to Kansas."

Then she recognized the great Dr. Brown, and held out her hand, with her quick smile, marveling that he remembered her.

[Concluded on page 81]



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HER OWN FOLKS

[Continued from page 80]

"How are your eyes?" he asked, looking at her keenly. "You have not been using them?"

"Oh, no," she said, answering his last question first. "And it is so strange—they haven't been hurting at all."

"Not hurting any more—eh—that is strange—that is unusual." He jerked out his watch, glanced at it, and snapped it shut again. "Come to my office this afternoon at five," he ordered. "There is a new treatment—"

"You mean," she interrupted quickly, "there may be a chance—"

"I cannot promise anything—we shall see," he nodded earnestly, and rushed into the Hospital.

Dr. McDonald looked after him, a trifle bewildered by their conversation. "Have I got it straight now, I wonder—had he decided you were to be blind?"

Peggy nodded without looking at him.

"Is that the reason you won't marry me? Peggy, Peggy, don't you see that would be another reason why you should?"

"No, no!" cried Peggy.

McDonald stood as though in doubt for a moment, then he said, "Look here, you're not fit to work this morning. You're going out to your grandmother's and she'll help you plan our wedding."

"How could you tell? I do want my grandmother, but not to plan—that." Still the color had crept into her cheeks, and her eyes glowed softly.

Once more, Dr. Brown held his office door open for Peggy to leave, but this time the light of hope in her eyes made them bewilderingly brilliant, and there was a lilt in her voice.

"Four months ago," he was saying, "I advised you to go home to your own folks. How about it now?"

"I'm going to take your advice." Her face was radiant, and she looked past him, into the blue eyes of a tall, young man who was waiting for her. "I want to go home."

CORN FOR WINTER USE

By I. R. S.

TRY drying sweet corn for winter use. Cook until the milk is set, cut from the cob, and heat thoroughly in the oven, letting it become as hot as possible without burning. A slow oven, when the fire is dying down, is best for the purpose. When it is thoroughly heated put out in the sun to finish. It will dry rapidly. If the sun is hot, two days will be sufficient time for it to dry. Then tie up in a bag and put it away for winter. Spread a mosquito netting over the corn while it is drying, as bees and yellow-jackets love it.



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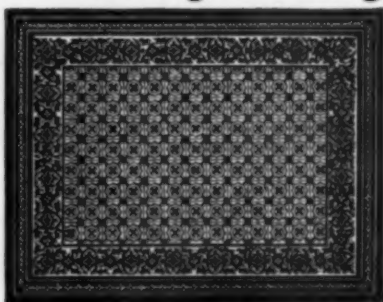
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FINANCIAL PREPAREDNESS

[Continued from page 79]

the personal use of each, and all of the other ordinary family expenses."

"No," confessed Anne, "I'm afraid I haven't. And last week, I thought it would be all right to buy some new saucepans, but I didn't realize till Saturday that I hadn't enough left to buy Sunday's meat. So poor George had to have beans for Sunday dinner."

"And you never said a word!" May protested sympathetically. "You could both have come up to my mother's with me to dinner!"

"Which would have solved nothing," I put in. "Anne has learned just what I was trying to point out to her, and I'm glad she didn't yield to the temptation to 'charge' her Sunday dinner. That would have hurt her ultimately far more than eating beans could hurt George. You simply have to plan in advance, and then stick to your plan. We're hearing a lot about 'preparedness' these days, and applying the word in all sorts of unexpected ways. Living by a definite budget is a kind of preparedness, isn't it?"

"Let me tell you about Meta," I suggested, "so that we need not trespass on anybody's private affairs. Meta is a girl I know, about your own age. She married on thirteen dollars a week. Every pay-day she and Max, her husband, sat down and planned the next week's expenditures. Meta had a set of strong Manila envelopes labeled "Rent," "Food," "Help and Gas," "Clothing," and "Unexpected." Like every wife, she soon found out that the unanticipated demands on her purse were the secret of upset finances: dentist's bills, new saucepans, a trip somewhere, company to dinner. When you have only a small amount on which to manage, the first thing to do is to make up your mind that there are lots of pleasant things one simply cannot have, and that one's happiness must be obtained in other ways.

"Meta's rent was \$10 a month. She put \$2.50 a week into the rent-envelope. Every thirteenth week, or once in three months, she had two dollars and a half left over. That went promptly into the savings-bank.

Her husband took one dollar for car-fares and incidentals. He carried his lunch with him, and, because Meta was ingenious and gave a good deal of thought to their food, he enjoyed it far more than a cheap restaurant-lunch. Six dollars went into the food-envelope. Sometimes—and Meta tried very hard to make it happen often—a few cents were left over, and Meta put them into the round-slotted bank that stood on her bureau. When they were invited to a family dinner, especially on a Sunday, nearly a dollar went right into the savings. If Max did not spend all of his dollar—sometimes he got a ride with some one who had a machine or a business wagon—he contributed the change. It was surprising how soon it collected.

"Fifty cents paid for a laundress. In half a day or less, she could do their small washing and some of the ironing. Meta was careful not to increase the amount needlessly. She chose more serviceable colors when she bought clothes, protected them with aprons while at work, and, by using rough towels, paper napkins, and simple doilies, kept the household-laundry down."

"I'd never think of economizing on the washing!" commented Anne.

"You would if you had eight children, like my mother," May asserted, though her experience in a large family had failed to teach her other necessary points.

"Meta added fifty cents to the help-envelope for gas, but she told me that she seldom used it all. She burned a lamp in the evenings, and really made a study of cookery that took but little gas. It got to be a sort of game, seeing how much could be saved each week. She found out, as we all do, that the quickly-cooked meats are the most expensive, so she invested part of her "unexpected" fund for a fireless-cooker, after a while, and, the second year, did even better on the food-envelope, in spite of the baby's coming—but I'm getting ahead of her budget.

"Two dollars a week in the clothing-envelope was allowed to remain until

[Concluded on page 85]



SOMETIMES, A FEW CENTS WERE LEFT OVER, AND META PUT THEM INTO THE ROUND-SLOTTED BANK

FINANCIAL PREPAREDNESS

[Continued from page 82]

enough was accumulated to buy necessities that she and Max agreed upon. Then the fund was begun again. The remaining dollar and a half for 'unexpected' things sometimes went untouched, but, in the first days of housekeeping, it bought the pots and pans and linen, bit by bit. They really had great fun, camping, as it were, in their own rooms, waiting till they had enough to get this or that extra tool or furnishing. Of course, as soon as they knew about the baby, most of the clothing and contingency money was saved for the expenses connected with its arrival.

"I once read," said May, "something about dividing your income into percentages for each kind of expense. But I don't see how you could make a rule that would work, because every family is different. How can you say what a family ought to spend?"

"You can't," I told her. "Individuals have to decide their own cases. Sickness and unforeseen drains have to be provided against, and they are always different in each family. But you can consult a table showing the ideal division for a given income, and then, after altering it to suit your own case, stick as nearly as Meta did to the established ideal for yourself. For instance, if you are paying too much rent, you can move; if the food item is too high, you cannot cut it below the nourishing point, but you can discover cheaper foods that answer the same purpose.

"The less the salary, the higher the relative percentages for food and shelter. It does not, however, take twice as much to feed four people as to feed two, and heat, rent, light and often service remain the same for a larger family.

"Then as your husbands make more money, you can put it into the cultural side of living: more books, longer education, travel, and holidays, a better house, better clothes. But take my advice on the budget plan—pay cash as you go, and save every week, every month, in order to invest in something bigger and better than you have now. Never lose sight of the fact, either, that the best thing you may be called on to do may be to sacrifice, for a while, these little refinements you crave, in order better to fit your husbands to earn bigger places. Don't fritter nickels away on passing fads and soda-water. When you are offered a chance to buy a home, be able to take it. It's all a question of preparedness."

Editor's Note.—Have you, too, a money problem to settle? We have prepared a table of figures showing the ideal divisions into rent, food, clothes, amusements, savings, etc., for incomes ranging from \$700 to \$3,000 and shall be glad to send it to you if you will enclose a stamped envelope with your inquiry.

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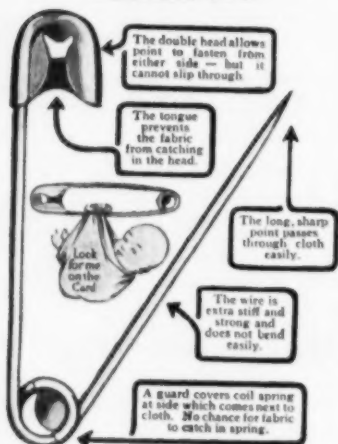
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WOTAN THE TERRIBLE

[Continued from page 75]

Winter caught sight of the man with the suit-case and the big dog a quarter of a mile ahead. Wotan, as usual, was behaving beautifully. The burglar was walking rapidly and was about to turn into an unused woods road when Winter overtook him.

The instructor rode a few paces ahead of him and then turned and dismounted.

"The jig is up," said Winter. "You'd better give me that bag and dog at once if you hope to get away."

The burglar smiled sardonically.

"How so, young man?" he inquired.

Winter, as a matter of fact, did not know just how, but he placed his slight but determined figure in the other's path-way. An ugly look took the place of the smile on the face of the burglar.

"I could knock you out in about two seconds," said he, convincingly.

Winter, realizing his ineffectiveness if left in a prostrate and insensible condition, drew aside a step as the burglar menacingly advanced. Then an idea struck him.

"Lie down, Wotan!" he commanded.

Wotan, nothing loath, and recognizing a familiar voice, promptly and weightily obeyed.

"Get up, Wotan!" growled the burglar, tugging at the leash.

Wotan lifted his head doubtfully.

"Lie down, Wotan!" repeated Winter, and the dog, with a sigh, settled comfortably.

The burglar set down his suit-case and seized the leash in both hands. He hauled and jerked desperately, but to no avail. He might as well have tugged at the Sphinx. His geniality entirely disappeared and he uttered a number of very ungentlemanly figures of speech, referring in unflattering terms to Wotan's hitherto unimpeachable pedigree. Winter withdrew a few steps, thrust his hands into his pockets, and grinned.

"Stubborn, isn't he?" he remarked.

The burglar gave Wotan a resounding kick in the ribs. Wotan grunted. Then he gave him another, and Wotan made an unaccustomed little noise in his throat and drew back his upper lip.

"I wouldn't do that," warned Winter. "You never can tell."

The man glanced at Wotan's big tusks and the swelling-muscles of his jaws, and applied himself again to the leash.

Perhaps a glimpse of Winter's grin infuriated the burglar, for he wound the leash about his hands and threw his whole weight against it. Down by the snap it gave way, and the burglar fell back heavily over his suit-case. Winter burst into ill-considered merriment, and the burglar, leaping to his feet, started to annihilate him. But Winter was agile, if not

[Concluded on page 85]

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WOTAN THE TERRIBLE

[Continued from page 84]

burly, and deeming it the proper moment for temporary retreat, sped down the road. The burglar, already half winded by his exertions, ran a few yards in pursuit, and then, seeing nothing to be gained by a handicap foot-race, returned to Wotan. Winter promptly turned back to his post of observation.

The burglar now seized the dog's collar, with the idea that a combination of choking and lifting might do the trick, but Wotan merely rolled over.

After five or ten minutes more of struggle, in which the burglar aroused Winter's admiration by his display of ingenuity and strength, the man sat down on his suit-case and mopped his streaming brow.

Suddenly the sound of approaching carriage wheels caused Winter to turn and the burglar to leap to his feet. A running horse came around the bend in the road, followed by a buggy in which sat the bearded sheriff and another man, with Harriet wedged between them.

The burglar, giving Wotan a parting kick on the flank, picked up the suit-case and made for the woods. But Winter was prepared for this, and was close on the fugitive's heels. Reaching forward, he caught the handle of the suit-case and nearly wrenched it from the burglar's grasp. The latter, his flight suddenly checked, turned and swung his clenched fist viciously. Winter ducked. Then the burglar, alarmed by the rapid approach of the buggy, abandoned hope of all save personal escape, relaxed his hold on the suit-case, and plunged into the thicket.

As soon as the buggy drew up, the sheriff and his assistant leaped out and started in hot pursuit, leaving Winter to assist Harriet to the ground. Falling on her knees in the dust of the roadside, she placed one arm about the suit-case and the other about Wotan's neck, and pressing her face to his, sobbed convulsively into his left ear.

Winter, a little perplexed as to what should be done in the circumstances, stooped down and patted her shoulder sympathetically.

And that's how the affair commenced.

A GOOD EXCUSE

LITTLE Alfred has a great aversion to work, and usually finds some plausible reason for avoiding it. Admonished to pull some rather large weeds in the back yard, after a faint-hearted lift on one of them, he shouted: "Mamma, how do you think I'm going to pull these weeds when the whole world is hitched onto them?"

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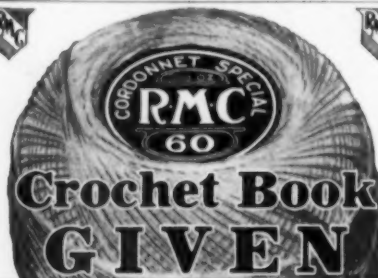
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PERSPIRING FEMININITY

COMMON-SENSE BEAUTY TALKS

By ANNETTE BEACON

IF I were Royalty," said Persis, from her comfortable veranda chair, praising with a commendatory eye the dainty, fresh-looking girl in the doorway, "I should certainly decorate you with the Order of the Bath. Wasn't that your fourth bath to-day? And it's only three o'clock. That means at least two more before bed!"

"But I have to do it!" wailed the other girl plaintively. "It's all very well for you to poke fun at me—you are a respectable member of society, as clean and cool and fresh as possible, though the thermometer registers ninety-eight, but eternal vigilance and an ever-active shower bath are the price of comfort and decency for me. And look at my toilet-shelf. Yours holds a can of talcum-powder, while mine—"

"Looks like a department store," teased Persis, "with the jar of Epsom Salts, the powder-shaker, the corn-starch pad, the twins, Bay Rum and Alcohol, and the lacquer box of sea-salt. Surely, Molly, you don't mean to tell me that you can use all those things, to say nothing of those other numberless boxes and jars and bottles."

But Molly could and did! And it is quite possible that you need a summer toilet-shelf just like hers, for, alas and alack, the lucky people who manage to get through the hot months without any annoyance from perspiration, moist hands, musty tresses, or a beet-colored complexion, are few and far between.

For the woman who perspires profusely, ordinary bathing is not sufficient. She needs, at least, three baths a day, morning, afternoon and night, and quite possibly special attention, in between, to the parts of her body most subject to perspiration—the armpits, feet, and hands.

Let us begin at the armpits, since they are the seat of most annoyance. The first thing to do is to keep them perfectly free from hair. If there is the slightest odor to perspiration, any hair in the armpits will retain it, as well as the moisture. If you are the happy possessor of a décolleté razor, use it at once. Probably, once in six weeks will be often enough to put it to use—let as long a time elapse between shaving as possible. Better get a shaving-stick and shaving-brush, and be sure to lather the armpits thoroughly before using your "safety." If you haven't a safety-razor, then apply a depilatory. Of course, in either case, the hair will come back again, and you will have to repeat the treatment at more or less regular intervals, but it is safe to use either method for the armpits, though never for any part of the face.

HAVING made the skin of the armpits perfectly smooth and bare, give it a special toilet two or three times a day. Between baths, if you perspire profusely, sponge with Bay Rum or Alcohol—this deodorizes, as well as cleanses, and you should keep a fat bottle of one or the other always on your bath toilet-shelf.

To keep your skin toned up, and thus lessen excessive perspiration, always friction it thoroughly, before leaving the tub, by the use of a medium coarse bath-mitten. It is an excellent idea to keep a solution of Epsom Salts on your toilet-shelf, and use

it to sponge face and body, to lessen perspiration and cool and tone up the skin.

Healthful perspiration is almost entirely odorless. Where there is a strong

[Continued on page 87]



TO NE YOUR
SKIN UP WITH
A BATH-MITTEN



ALWAYS USE
THE SPE-
CIAL DE-
ODORIZING
POWDER



A COATING OF SOAP MEANS
SAFETY FOR GOWNS

PERSPIRING FEMININITY

[Continued from page 86]

odor, something is wrong. For this affliction, remember that what you eat has a great deal to do with the nature of the odor the body throws off. In summer, avoid much meat or other heating foods; eat plenty of fruits and green vegetables, and the odor will be minimized. Also drink quantities of water—the best deodorizer there is. Do not make the mistake, however, of indulging heavily in iced drinks, for they retard the action of stomach and bowels, and the process of elimination, on which the freshness and sweetness of the body depend, is delayed and hampered. Punctual and free elimination will do much to keep the perspiration odorless.

When donning a non-washable gown, it is an excellent idea, after a thorough cleansing of the armpits, to rub very lightly with a moist cake of white soap, and then pat gently with a pad of coarse white flannel filled with cornstarch. Don't make the mistake of using too much soap, or your gown will suffer.

AND speaking of powder, of course you should install a shaker like Molly's—very much like a kitchen flour-dredger. After bathing, use it liberally to powder the entire body and then softly go over the skin with generous pads of absorbent cotton.

If the feet perspire, powder after bathing with the following mixture:

FOR PERSPIRING FEET
Powdered Rice, $2\frac{1}{2}$ ounces,
Powdered Orris Root, $\frac{1}{2}$ ounce,
Powdered Alum, $\frac{1}{4}$ ounce.

Change the hose at least twice a day—oftener, if necessary.

Perspiring hands are, of course, very unpleasant to their possessor, who should never attempt to wear kid gloves when the weather is at all warm. Washable gloves are the only sensible things for her. She can lessen her trouble by moistening the hands frequently with a special preparation consisting of:

FOR MOIST HANDS
Cologne, 2 ounces,
Tincture of Belladonna, $\frac{1}{2}$ ounce.

Pour a little in the palm of one hand, and then "wash" the hands with it, after which sprinkle with talcum-powder.

If your hair is heavy, your head may perspire unpleasantly. Of course, you will shampoo frequently—once in two weeks is a good schedule to follow. Daily let the hair down, and sit where the breeze can blow it about and air it thoroughly. Put a couple of drops of oil of jasmine or oil of geranium in the palm of your hand, and pass your brush over it several

[Concluded on page 89]



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SMART TRIMMINGS

[Continued from page 28]

Make a pattern of one of these leaves, then vary this same pattern a little to make the others.

A round group made in this way (Fig. 3) has a bright blue velvet flower in the center and three bright rose-colored velvet flowers grouped around the blue one. The edge of the blue flower lies over the other flowers. Eight leaves, of different sizes, are arranged around these flowers. These leaves are made of brilliant green velvet. Two of the smaller leaves are cut from Nile-green velvet. The edges of the flowers and leaves are turned back one-quarter of an inch, irregular holes are cut for the centers of the flowers, and the edges of these are turned back, too. These edges ought to be carefully basted.

Pin the flowers and leaves to the hat in the groups designed, then baste them fast to the crown. Under the holes that are the centers of the flowers, lay small pieces of yellow material. Any material may be used for this. All around the edges of the flowers and leaves, sew small, white china beads. If these beads are sewed through the turned edges, no other sewing will be necessary.

These flowers may be made of sateen, satin, or silk, as well as of velvet.

There are several new ideas for ostrich trimming for this fall.

OVER the top of the crown of your hat lay all the odds and ends in the different colors you have. Lay these flat and split the feathers, so that they will not be too thick. You will see that your old tips are made of several quills of ostrich. These are sewed together and can be easily separated. One layer of each feather is enough to use for this trimming. Spread the flues and catch them in place with pins. Sew the quills a little, so that they will not slip out of place. Over the whole crown, then lay maline and finish by turning the edge of the maline inside of the frame at the base. Use maline that is the same color as the hat.

A pretty model (Fig. 1) has French-blue, white, and leather-brown feathers on

a nigger-brown velvet hat. White feathers, covered with black maline on a black velvet hat are very effective. You can use any combination you like if the feathers are white or of very light color. Dye them with the oil paints and gasoline and, while they are still wet, rub cornstarch over them to separate the tiny hairs that are on the flues. A hat with this kind of crown will need no other trimming.

THE ostrich edges make a hat soft and very dressy (Fig. 5). They also make a brim wider and are very good to use to alter the width of the brim. The professional feather-maker will use your old feathers, no matter what variety of color and quality, to make these edges. He can dye them any color you like, if they are white, and, of course, he can always dye any combination black.

A hat trimmed with these fringes needs no other trimming, but if you like, you may drape wide ribbon around the side crown and finish with a bow flat against the hat. You can use narrow ribbon around the base of the crown and finish at the front with a small, flat bow. Any other character of trimming would spoil the effect of the ostrich edge and it would make the hat too fussy.

The small tips are bent over and tied tight (Fig. 6) this season. If you have old tips, gather the ends of the flues and draw them to the base of the stem. Wrap them firmly with silk thread. These tips are used singly (Fig. 4) or they are grouped and used for high trimming (Fig. 6). If your old feathers are thick, separate them and use a single quill. If you wish, you can dye them any color.

Editor's Note.—If you have hats to trim, retrim, or make over, Mrs. Tobey will tell you how. She will be glad to help you with any millinery difficulty, and if you wish, will send you a tracing of the appliqué on Figure 3 and directions for making the Poiret rose that was mentioned in this lesson. A stamped and self-addressed envelope should be enclosed with your inquiry.



FIG. 6—OSTRICH TIPS SHOWING METHOD OF TYING ENDS

PERSPIRING FEMININITY

(Continued from page 87)

times, then brush the hair. The sun and air will perform the actual sweetening, freshening process, but the tiny hint of fragrance from your brush will emphasize the suggestion of daintiness.

If perspiration has stained a favorite gown, try the method of a friend of mine, who, wearing a smart light-weight cloth gown on a day which began cool and ended scorchingly, was dismayed to find the color apparently taken out across the shoulders in the back. She seized upon her alcohol bottle and a sponge, and literally drenched the wide-spreading spot. Her only hope was to cleanse and freshen the gown, but to her amazement, the color, apparently gone, returned, and her gown was as new. Try this on a bit of your fabric before applying to the gown, and remember that a gown should be cleaned the moment it is taken off.

Editor's Note.—Miss Beacon will be glad to mail formulas for a special Deodorizing Powder, a Depilatory, and the Epsom Salts Solution, referred to in the above article, if a stamped, addressed envelope accompanies the request. She is always glad to advise in regard to all toilet conveniences, as well as to lend every aid to the woman who wishes to improve her appearance and her health.

OATMEAL INCOGNITO

By OUR SUBSCRIBERS

SCRAMBLED EGGS WITH OATMEAL.—Put a little lard or fat in a pan, and, when it is very hot, add one cupful of cold oatmeal. Stir for a few minutes, then add one-half dozen eggs, some salt and pepper, and a little butter. Scramble thoroughly, and serve. No one could possibly tell that oatmeal had been added, and the six eggs, cooked in this way, will not only be far more nourishing than without the oatmeal, but will go as far as twelve.

OATMEAL CROQUETTES.—Having saved the oatmeal left over from breakfast, warm one cupful of it in one tablespoonful of milk; add the beaten yolk of one egg, and one saltspoonful of salt. When cool, shape into small ovals, roll in crumbs again, and fry in very hot fat.

Another delightful way of including oatmeal in the daily fare is to put it in batter-cakes, in muffins, or in waffles. A small quantity can even be added to biscuits, without its presence being detected, and with the full benefit of its nourishing qualities secured.

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C-35. Fascinating blouse of novelty plaid voile with dainty sailor collar. Wide gathered ruffles trim fronts. Visible front fastening. White with Rose or Blue plaid. Sizes: 32-44 Bust. \$98c



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MISTLETOE

[Continued from page 10]

old dreams, beheld some of his old visions. I thought I must be loyal to the mines because they were father's. But now, somehow, I want to be loyal to them!"

Wainwright's mouth curled.

"You went down the shaft," he repeated. "Er—did you see the men at work down there?"

"No," she answered, "it was at noon. They weren't working. They were eating their lunches."

"How many men?" catechised Wainwright.

She looked at him, faintly surprised. "Why—two or three. There were more, of course. I didn't see all the leads."

He stopped dead still beside a little, dusty ore-car. He faced her, his eyes stern.

"Margaret," he said, "do you know what comes out of that old shaft?"

She stepped back a little. Annoyance darkened her face.

"I suppose zinc comes out of it," she replied coldly.

"Nothing comes out of it," stated Wainwright. "Absolutely nothing."

She pressed back against the little car. "I don't believe you," she cried.

He flamed up. "It's the truth," he declared. "They've lied to you. They've treated you like a child. And I can't stand it any longer. You needn't believe me. Ask any other man on the place. And unless Ware has him silenced, he'll tell you that there hasn't been a pound of zinc mined out of that old shaft in five years!"

Her hands were at her throat, her eyes wide. But she tossed her head scornfully.

"What a ridiculous statement!" she exclaimed. "Why, my father made money out of that old shaft—always!"

He laughed confidently, as one who owns a shrewd advantage.

"My dear child," he said lightly, "they've been telling you fairy tales. They've treated you like a creature of no intelligence. Margaret, your father was Solomon's superintendent—for years! He worked on a salary—just as Ware does now! He probably kept it from you. He wanted to save you the knowledge of his humiliation, to hide the fact that Solomon had ruined him and then flung him a bone to gnaw. You needn't believe me. Ask Catalina. Go to the office and look at the books!"

She stood still, quivering a little as though she had been struck, a dull look of horror in her eyes.

"If all this is true—" she said at last, "if father's shaft is worthless—then where does my money come from?"

He shrugged his shoulders and smiled a one-sided smile.

"Ask Ware that," he advised, craftily.

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MISTLETOE

[Continued from page 90]

Then his mood changed. His eyes glowed. "Margaret!" he cried, "don't you see? You can't stay here. This place holds no memories for you—but bitter ones! You can't be Ware's parasite! Go back with me, Margaret, back to the world—the good world—the world that's alive! I love you, Margaret—"

But she had drawn back, her face drawn and stiff and bitter.

"I hate you," she said, in a toneless voice.

She turned deliberately and walked back to Colby's. On the porch, Owen Ware sat smoking a pipe. The white zinc dust lay in every seam of his blue shirt.

"Owen," she began without preliminary. "why did you tell me lies?"

He looked up and rubbed a slow hand across his brow.

"I gave Wainwright a week," he remarked calmly. "He held out better than I thought he could."

"Why," insisted the girl, "did you tell me lies?"

"Sit down," advised Ware quietly.

But she stiffened herself defiantly.

"I want to know—" she began again.

"Sit down," repeated Ware.

Margaret sat down. Her face was white. Her eyes blazed.

"You lied to me!" she accused. "You made me believe my father kept an interest in these mines! You put men down in that worthless old shaft, to-day, to deceive me!"

"Yes," he admitted, "I did that. But I didn't lie! I never told you, straight out, that the shaft was paying. I didn't lie. I just dodged."

"You acted lies," she persisted. "That's as bad—or worse! And you've made me a parasite—a contemptible parasite. You've given me money I had no right to. I want to know why you did it?"

He laid a hand on her arm.

"Listen," he said. "Do you remember how your father looked?"

She nodded.

"Do you remember his white head, and his eyes, gray like water? Do you remember how frank his eyes were and how they trusted everybody? Do you?"

Her lip was between her teeth. Tears, half angry, were in her eyes.

"Do you remember how proud he was?" he went on. "His eyes were proud, and his mouth. And yet I've seen his lips quiver with pain and defeat. I've seen his head go down, heavy with humiliation. I've seen bitterness dim his eyes. And I loved him. Girl, I loved him as though he were my own. That's why I lied to you!"

Under his hand, she quivered. One hand, groping, found her throat and pressed it.

[Concluded on page 93]



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A NOVEL PATTERN PARTY

By KATHERINE E. MAXWELL

NOWADAYS, when the most popular form of amusement is "Bridge," one begins to think that there is no other entertainment fitting to offer one's friends. For those of us, however, who possess friends who have neither the time nor the inclination to play cards, there arises the dire necessity of improvising new games. We invite such friends occasionally to "thimble-parties," but to sit and sew until luncheon time becomes such a stupid "amusement," that, once in a while, we like to have a party where prizes and score-cards and favors are given in the regulation and orthodox manner. We did this for a long time with guessing-games, but these have all long since been guessed out, and our friends who do not play cards are either too clever to be entertained in this manner, or too dull to be amused by "what can be seen on a penny," and so forth.



At a recent luncheon, the problem of entertaining a number of ladies who had met during the season as members of a sewing-club was solved in a very happy manner. The favors at the lunch-table were little sewing-bags made of dainty-colored silks and ribbons. After lunch, the guests gathered in the living-room, and a very amusing game was arranged by pinning about the walls various parts of patterns of many different garments. It was a source of great merriment to see how puzzled even the most expert sewers were by the paper parts separated from the rest of the pattern. The pieces were numbered, and the guests were furnished with cards, numbered to correspond, with pencils attached. The one who guessed the largest number correctly was awarded the prize, a pretty needle-book to go in her work-bag. Each guest was given one point for each correct answer that she scored.



kept track of, on each score-card.

Then, to rest one's brains, a foolish but funny game was played. A spool of cheap thread was provided each guest, together with a tiny roll of paper. She was required to wind the thread off the spool onto the paper. Each one who accomplished this in a stated time was rewarded by a wax in the shape of some vegetable for her work-bag, and given ten points on her score-card. This game was immediately followed by some sewing contests in hemming, buttonholing, and other stitches, and the prizes were little articles for the bags, such as a fancy stiletto, a celluloid finger-guard, a silver bodkin, a hem-gauge, and a cork crocheted over with colored silk, to be used for protecting the points of scissors or crochet-hooks. While tea was being served, the scores were added up, and the guest having the highest number of points to her credit, was awarded the "grand-prize," one of the needle-books to be found in the shops containing practically every kind of needle that one could wish for.



Editor's Note.—All of us like to strike an original note in our entertaining. Miss Otis, our Entertainment Editor, will be glad to send you ideas for any kind of a party, luncheon, or dinner if a stamped envelope accompanies your inquiry.

MISTLETOE

[Continued from page 91]

"When he died"—Ware's voice was low and steady, "he lay for days with terror in his eyes. He was afraid—afraid for you. I knew. He never told me. He was proud, even with me. But I knew that he dreaded the day when you would learn the truth. He wanted you to think of him as successful—always! It was weak, but I loved him for it. So I promised him. 'I'll take care of her, Dad,' I said. And he understood. The fear went out of his eyes and he died. And then you came. You see, I had thought of you as a little girl twelve years old!"

"And Catalina—" began Margaret, in a strained voice.

"Catalina helped me," he said. "I had to have Catalina. We fixed it so that you would get enough to live on for awhile. When I got raised, I was going to make it more. You see, Catalina loved Dad, too."

"But, Owen," she protested, "how could you think that I would accept money from you? That I would consent to be a parasite—"

"That's an ugly word—parasite," he interrupted. "And yet, I've seen some mighty pretty parasites. There are orchids. And there's mistletoe. To me, mistletoe is about the prettiest plant that grows. It lives in the tops of the oaks. I don't think it minds being a parasite. But then, it seems to love the oak—"

She fled.

In the kitchen, Catalina sat beside the table, combing her thin, colorless hair.

Margaret stumbled in.

"Catalina," she began, "to-morrow, I want you to teach me to cook."

Catalina looked up without emotion.

"To-morrow's wash day," she said.

"I want to work," pleaded Margaret. "I want to carry my own burden."

"Smellin' the suds will make you sick," objected Catalina.

But the girl's eyes held a new light.

"I want to learn," she persisted. "I want to learn to make—lemon pies!"

"Well," said Catalina.

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By J. H. C.

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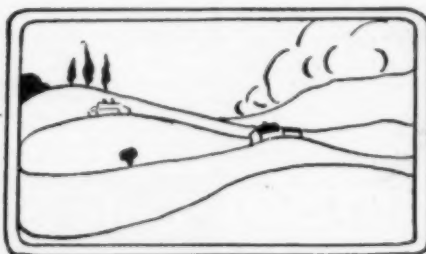
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TO KEEP CLOTHES WHITE.—White dresses, linens, etc., usually become yellow when put away for any length of time. To avoid this, rinse the clothes through water with enough bluing in it to give them a blue look when they are dry. When the articles are taken out to be used, wash in the usual way, and they will be snow-white instead of yellow, as is often the case.—Mrs. C. C. Y., Dayton, Ohio.

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SHIRT-CUFFS.—Immediately after ironing stiff shirt-cuffs, bring them together exactly as they will be when the links are in, and fasten with a spring clothes-pin. They will harden in just the right curve without wrinkles.—G. C. H., Indianapolis, Indiana.

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TO KEEP CATSUP FRESH.—Home-made catsup, after the bottle has been opened, is apt to spoil very quickly. To prevent this, pour a little olive oil into the bottle immediately after use.—E. K., Altoona, Pennsylvania.

FOR PACKING.—When packing glass or china, use excelsior or straw that has been slightly dampened. The water causes both of these materials to swell, and this swelling automatically fills up the crevices, thus wedging the packing in between breakable articles much tighter than it can be done by hand. This is the method employed by professional packers.—A. B., Newburg, New York.

Editor's Note.—We want your best ideas and suggestions for every phase of the home woman's activities. We will pay one dollar for each available contribution. Ideas which have appeared in print or are not original with the sender cannot be accepted. Unaccepted manuscripts which enclose a stamped envelope will be returned.

Spending Money to Reduce Selling Prices

IF you were going to give a large entertainment, you wouldn't go out personally and deliver a hundred or so invitations verbally, would you? Of course, you would have them engraved and mailed to your guests.

You would in this way spend money to save money and time, which is also money.

Any man who has anything to sell has the problem of getting his invitation to buy before the largest possible number of prospective buyers.

The larger the number he interests, the more units he can make, and the lower his producing cost descends. So he takes the quickest method of reaching a large number of people—printing advertising.

If anyone tells you he is able to sell you his goods at a lower cost because he had no advertising expense, laugh at him.

Advertising reduces sales expense, because a single ad calls on thousands, while a salesman can call on one or two. Advertising reaches an individual at less than 1% of the cost of telling the story to

that person in any other way.

Advertising increases the keenness of competition so that prices are forced downward.

It would not be possible to produce a lead pencil for two cents, a tube of paste for ten cents, a collar for twelve and a half cents, were it not for the force of advertising in creating a wide demand, permitting quantity production and labor-saving machinery, thus cutting costs.

There are other reasons why you should insist on the advertised product.

The purpose of most advertising is to establish the reputation of a name. In order to live up to that reputation, definite

standards of quality must be maintained in the product. It must live up to the claims of the advertisement. Faking or misrepresentation cannot stand the light of publicity.

Advertising is your protection and safeguard. It points out the lines of goods of whose quality you can be sure.

Write us for free booklet. This is written for buyers like yourself and every man or woman who buys any kind of commodities will find it profitable reading.



This article—one of a series to Advertise Advertising—was written for the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World (headquarters Indianapolis) by

Ray C. ...

President,
Chalmers Motor Company.



Bon Ami

How Bon Ami fooled a cat!

It's no trouble at all to clean a window beautifully with Bon Ami, especially if you do it in the correct and easy way with a thin lather.

I have just heard a true story of a grocer in a small Southern city who cleaned his store window exactly right. He covered it with a fog of thin, watery Bon Ami lather—so thin that it hardly showed on the glass until it dried—then wiped it off again with a soft dry cloth. That will leave any good glass so clear that you will have to feel to be sure the glass is there.

His cat dozed in the window in the sunshine that afternoon. Outside the glass, a robin

came and hopped on the sidewalk. The cat awoke, crouched and sprang. There was a thud, a small crack snapped in the glass which otherwise withstood the blow and a saddened and disconcerted Tabby limped away to the cellar to meditate on the magical power of Bon Ami that makes windows invisible!

You can't get windows as clear as that with just water!

*"Hasn't
scratched
yet!"*

Made in
both Cake
and Powder form

